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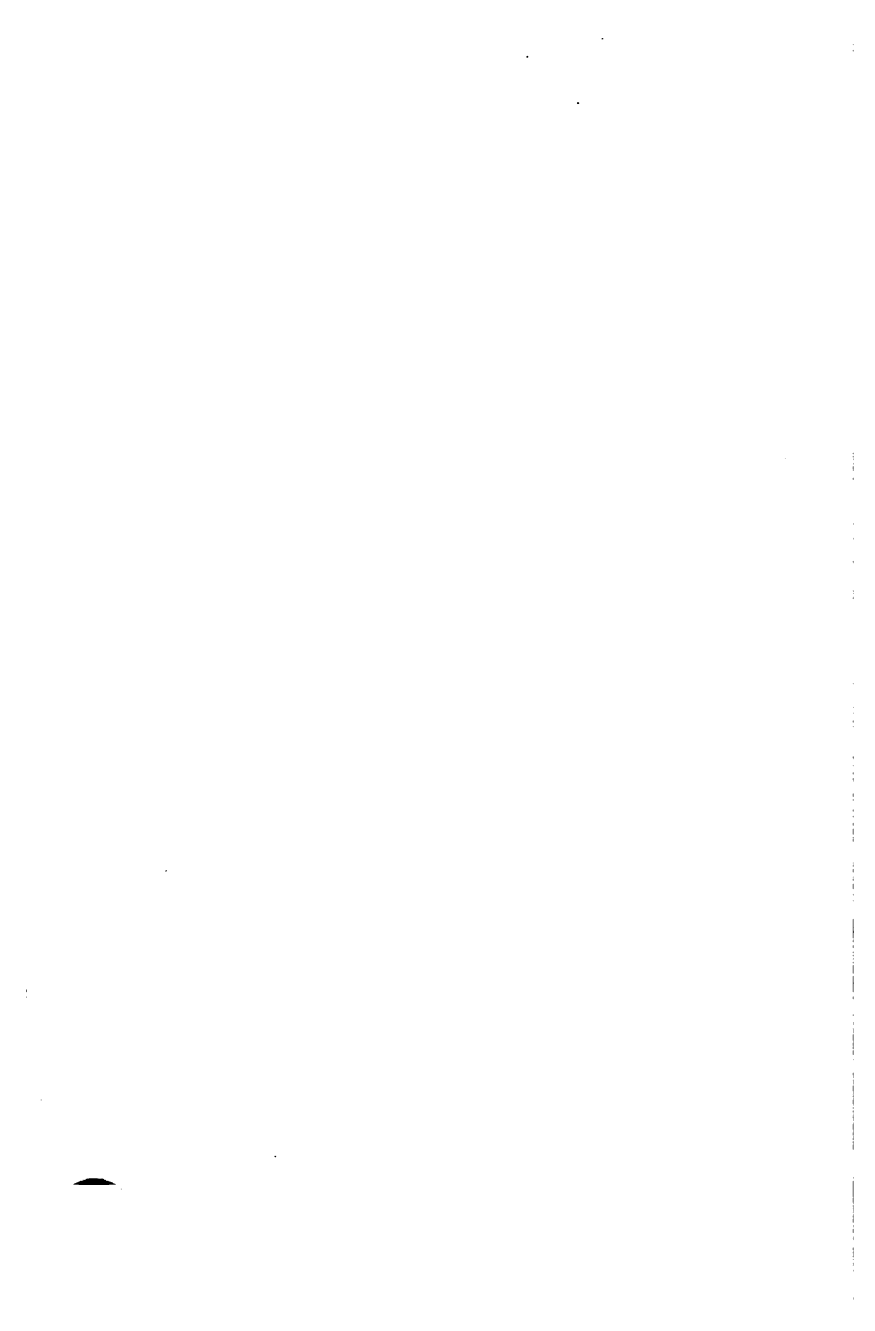
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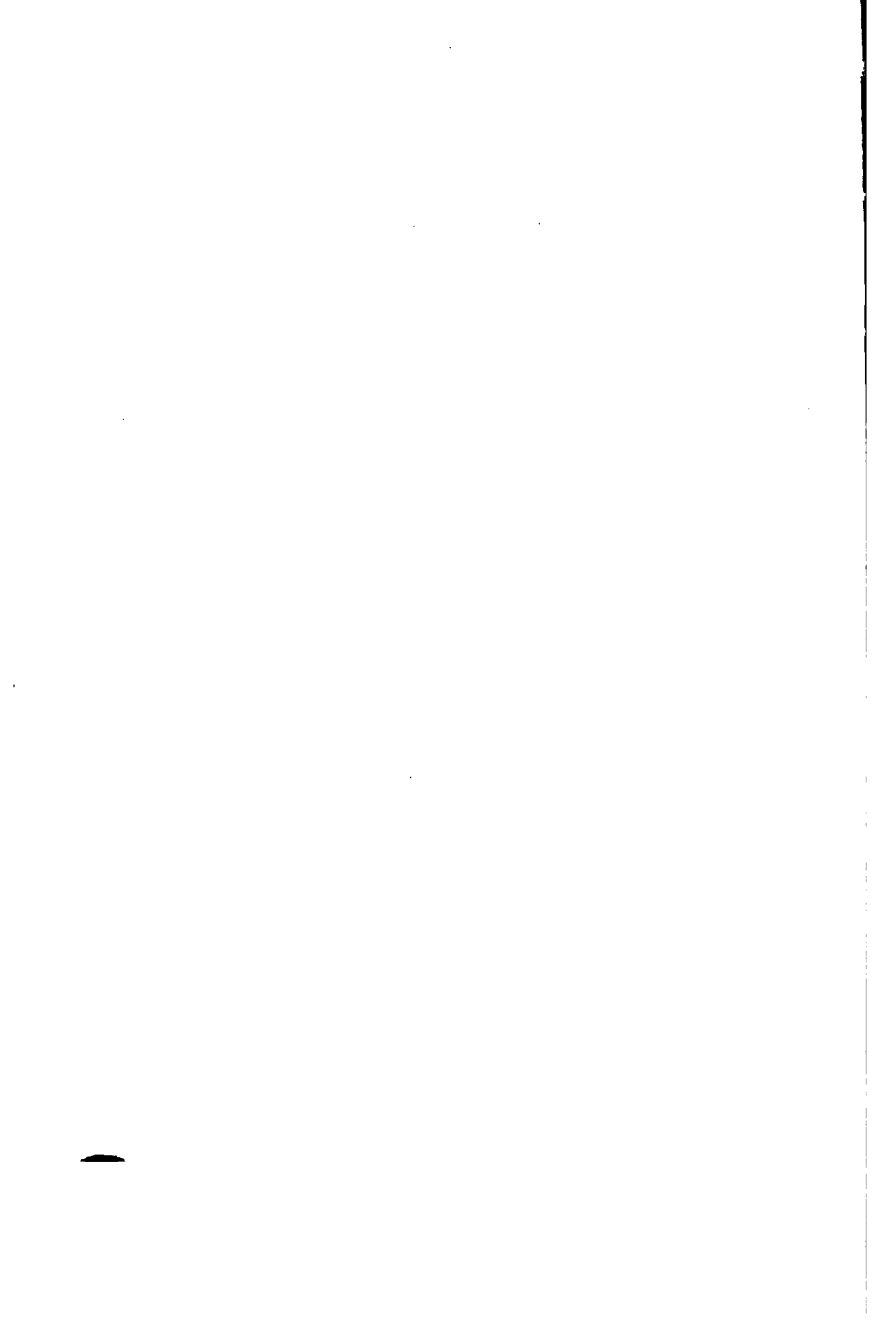
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Presented to
Nattie M Johnson
by her Sunday School Teacher

A. Regier
March 3^d 1867

Abstract

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THE
PRECIOUS STONES
OF THE
HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS.

With Illustrative Selections in Prose and Verse.

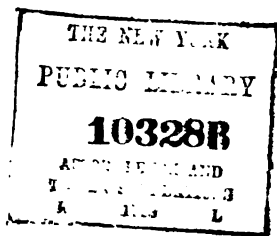
BY
AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT,
AUTHOR OF MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS, "HAMILTON THE YOUNG
ARTIST," ETC. ETC.

"And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all
manner of precious stones."

NEW YORK:
SHELDON & COMPANY.

1859.

MRS



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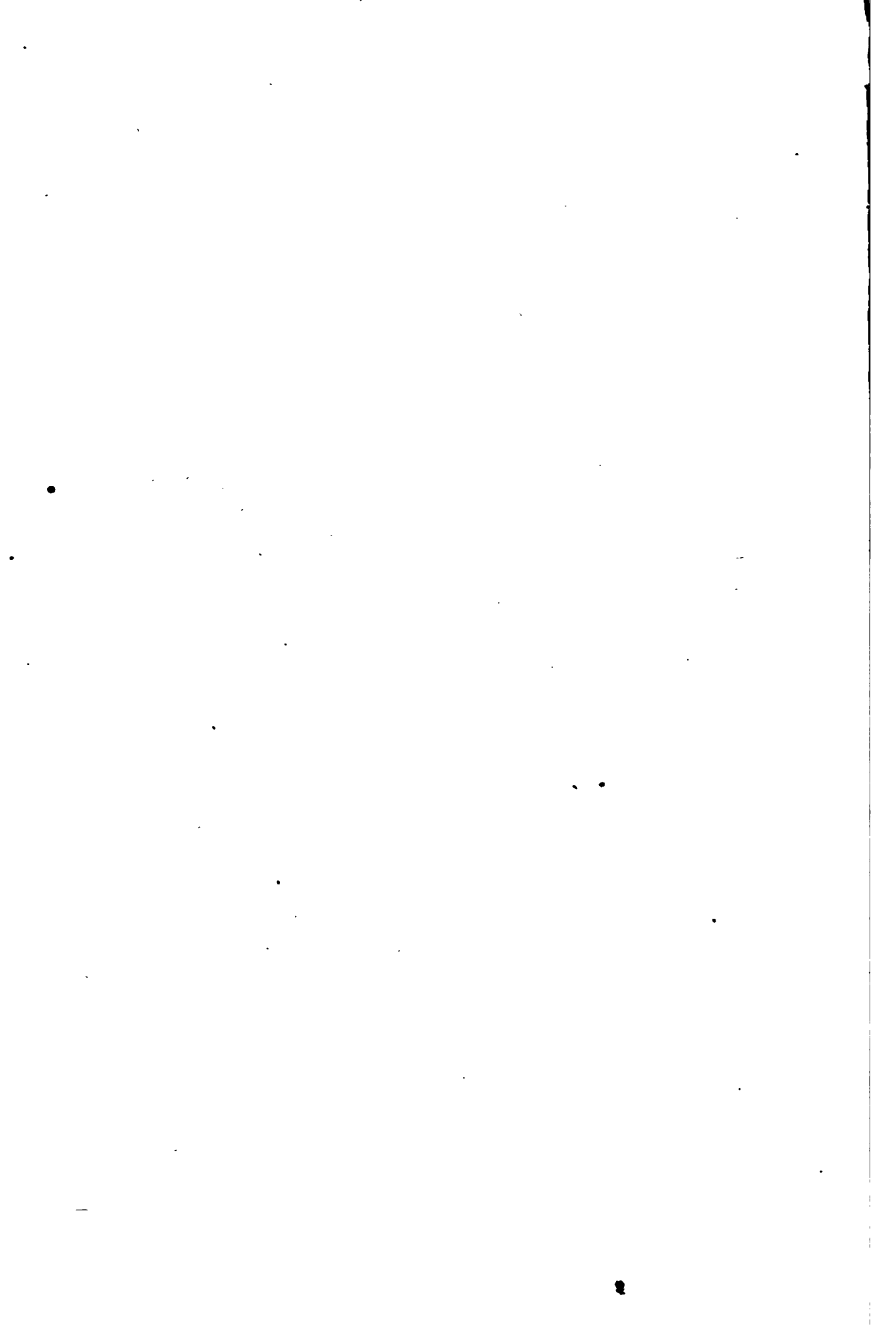
PUDNEY & RUSSELL, Printers.

To the Memory
OF
ONE ASLEEP,
IN HOPE OF A JOYFUL REUNION
IN THE
GREAT DAY OF AWAKING,

This Book is Consecrated by

THE AUTHOR.

RECEIVED MAY 9 - 1939



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The City of Delight (Music).	
Introduction.	
Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations,	18
CORNER STONE,	20
God,	26
The Gracious Invitation,	28
The Goodly Mansion,	80
JASPER:—Divine Mystery,	31
Trust in God,	35
Why am I sent here?	37
Here and There,	39
Divine Mysteries,	49
Whispers of the Watching Spirit,	44
Dream of Dr. Doddridge,	47
To my Soul,	53
What makes the Soul so Valuable?	54
SAPPHIRE:—Heavenly-mindedness,	55
Pilgrimage,	51
The Heavenly Temple,	61
The Departed One,	68
The Reasons for being Holy,	65
Thoughts of Heaven,	66
The New Jerusalem,	68
Heaven,	69

	PAGE
CHALCEDONY :— Royal Dominion,	72
The Beatific Vision,	76
The Pleasures of the Redeemed,	80
The Heavenly Choir,	82
The Light, the Way, and the Truth,	85
Royal Dominion of Christ,	86
EMERALD :— Refreshing Light,	89
The Blest Realities,	93
The Vision of the Dying,	95
The Better Land,	97
The Forest Funeral,	99
The Land which no Mortal may Know,	102
Longing for the Heavenly City,	104
Martyr's Requiem,	106
Preparation for Death,	108
SARDONYX :— Love,	109
Reply of the Messenger Bird,	118
Recognition in Heaven,	116
A Voice from Heaven,	117
That one Single Verse,	119
The Loved and Gone,	120
Love Divine,	123
The Star of Love,	124
The Grandeur of Praise,	125
A Thought of the Departed,	128
SARDIUS :— Humility,	133
Only Waiting,	137
How to be Happy,	139
Longings for Home,	144
The Blessed Home,	148
Pilgrim's Farewell to the World,	145
Heaven a Refuge for the Unsuccessful of Earth,	147
Reverie in a Forest of North Carolina,	148
Simplicity of Faith,	150
The New Jerusalem,	151

	PAGE
CHRYSOLEITE :—Truth,	158
The Truth of God,	157
Solemn Scenes that will Come,	161
Fading,	163
The Way to Heaven,	165
Death-Bed of Rutherford,	167
BERYL :—Knowledge,	173
The Pagan Questioning Death,	176
The Departed Soul,	178
Bacon, the Sculptor,	179
There shall be no Night there,	180
Visions of Eternity,	183
Cælum et Terra,	185
The Life to Come,	188
TOPAZ :—Clemency,	193
Abide with Me,	197
A Trophy,	199
The Land of Calm Delight,	201
Let Me go Home,	203
Dies Ira, Dies Illa,	205
Resting in Mercy,	208
Dreams of Heaven,	209
CHRYSOPRASUS :—Prosperity,	211
The Verge of Jordan,	215
The Moment after Death,	218
My Home is not on Earth,	219
The Better Country,	221
Beyond the River,	223
Prosperity and Adversity,	224
The Painter's Last Rest,	225
Gone, but not Lost,	228
The Christian Mourner's Prospect,	233
JACINTA :—Victory,	234
More than Conquerors,	238
The Dying Boy,	240

	PAGE
JACINTH :—The Meeting-Place,	242
Last Moments of John Knox,	245
A Little While,	247
Hail, Ye Happy Spirits!	249
AMETHYST :—Immortal Joy,	250
The Land Far Away,	256
Present Sufferings and Future Joy,	259
The Heavenly River,	260
The Blessed Country,	263
Let me Go, for the Day Breaketh,	265
“ We All will meet again,”	267
Heavenly Employ,	268
Visions of Heaven,	271
An Artist's Farewell to Time,	276
Trinity Chimes,	280
Visions in Twilight (In Memoriam),	281
The Grave (From the German),	292
Reveries in Starlight,	296
Springs of Association,	309
Jerusalem, My Happy Home—The Ancient Poem,	323
Come, Lord Jesus!	328

The City of Delight.

Music by the late JOHN WALTER B. GARRETT.

WORDS BY ST. AUGUSTINE.

ARRANGED BY A. B. G.

Con Molta

Tenerazza.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Con Molta Tenerazza'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'I Win - ter bram - ing,'. The piano accompaniment features a descending scale in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. A 'Dim.' (diminuendo) marking is placed over the piano accompaniment in the second system. The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'sum - mer flam - ing, There re - lax their blus - ter - ing;'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The fourth system concludes the vocal melody with the lyrics 'And sweet ro - ses ev - er bloom - ing, Make an ev - er-'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

I Win - ter bram - ing,

sum - mer flam - ing, There re - lax their blus - ter - ing;

And sweet ro - ses ev - er bloom - ing, Make an ev - er-



- last - ing spring; Li - ly.. blanching, cro - cus blush-ing.



And the bal - sam per - fum - ing.

Ritard.




2 There nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun, nor stars in courses bright;
For the Lamb to that glad city,
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

3 For the saints in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure,
Crown'd in triumph's flushing honors,
Joy in unison secure;
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

4 Here they live in endless being,
Passingness has passed away;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
For decayed is all decay;
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway.

Introduction.

 An heir, pressing earnestly onward to take possession of his newly-acquired demesne in a far-off country, not only frequently consults his chart in order to ascertain the safer and more expeditious way thither, but also assiduously seeks to inform himself concerning the estate itself, of its situation, its advantages, its comforts, and its *beauties*;—so, a religious inquiry into the momentous future whither we are all journeyers, is the most rational of all pursuits, and always beneficial; for, the more the mind is abstracted from earthly, and fixed on divine things, the better will it be fitted for entering upon the Inheritance of the Saints in Light.

God is a God of Beauty, of Grandeur, and of Order. The loveliness of this world, blemished as it is by sin, fully evidences that; and no student of Scripture is there who can fail to perceive that the allusions to beauty throughout it are innumerable. We are too much disposed, in this state of trial, to view Heaven in its aspect of negative happiness—as a place of exemption from pain, from death, from curse, from sorrow. Nor at this, indeed, can we much wonder. A person in abject misery takes little pleasure in the fairest flowers or gems; doubtless Lazarus, could he but anoint his sores, and satisfy the cravings of hunger, busied himself not at all in

admiring the decorations and braveries that environed the rich man; but, all such woes surmounted, endless felicity in near prospect, and a home of unchanging prosperity assured, why, why should not its fortunate heirs enter, by faith, and with an avidity irrepressible, upon a critical survey of its peculiar beauties and glories? Alas, for us! we dwell too much among the tombs; mayhap, bemoaning those who the while are exulting in the open vision of the adorable Trinity. Not perceiving through the mist of tears the immortal crown held out to us, we shroud our brows with a funereal chaplet of cypress and yew! Happy were we could we become adepts in Paul's arithmetic, and adopt his estimate of the relative value of earthly and heavenly things: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us!"

From the deepest shades of sorrow, I have looked upward for some consoling object of contemplation—some subject, which, by abstracting my thoughts from a fresh-made grave, might serve to alleviate some of the melancholy seasons of bereavement and solitude. And thus, surrounded by mementoes of the loved and severed, and listening the meanwhile to the blasts of autumn, and the muffled wail of the sere foliage as it drops fluttering to the ground, reminding me that "we do all fade as a leaf," this little volume has been designed and completed. It is now dismissed with the prayer that it may be the favored medium of calming the tempest in some troubled minds, of casting into some stricken hearts the consoling rays of peace, and resignation, and hope, and of lifting the soul to Him, who

"Shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state."

The subject of the ensuing pages—a series of reflections on some of the figurative external beauties of the Heavenly City, is, it is believed, in its views and treatment, original. There are brief dissertations on the twelve precious stones which, engraven with the names of the Holy Apostles, garnish the Foundations of Heaven, with the significations which seem most appropriate to each, and relative texts of Scripture. Associated with every stone are a few precious gems of human thought in lingual setting, generally similar in character. They consist of both prose and poetry, and with two or three exceptions, have exclusive reference to the future life. Some of them are extracts from eminent authors, but a majority are beautiful waifs which have been gathered while floating by on the current. With these are interspersed a few original poems and reflections.

It is a source of regret that the names of the authors of the extracts could not always be ascertained. Such omissions, will not, it is hoped, be attributed to a spirit of literary injustice, which is ever seriously to be deprecated, but to a lack of the requisite information.

A. B. G.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 20th, 1853.



The Precious Stones

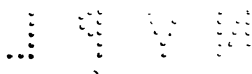
OF THE

HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS.

MAGNIFICENT as is the imagery employed by the inspired apostle in his description of the great city, the Holy Jerusalem;—of its twelve gates of orient pearl; its wall great and high, and its refulgent foundations; its street of pure transparent gold; its crystal river, and its tree of Life—it yet falls infinitely short of the reality. Human language is utterly inadequate to portray even a faint similitude of the ineffable delights of the Divine Abode. Through the rainbow-hued radiancy of twelve of the most famous gems, Saint John essays to picture to us the blaze of glory and diversified beauty that girds it

round about; and by the silver river gliding with melodious murmur between enamelled meads, and the tree hung with twelve manner of delicious fruits, and with leaves for the healing of the nations, to offer us a foretaste of the delectable banquet prepared for the white-robed multitude who tread the shining avenues. But, ah! though glowing his figures, and spirit-stirring his words, it as much transcends the power of mortal language to convey, as of human thought to entertain, conceptions so vast; for "eye hath not seen, neither ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what the Lord hath prepared for them who love him." In vain do we, amid the flickerings of celestial light John affords us, and inspired by hope, strive to upward soar and catch a faint echo of the preludes of those golden harps, and a strain of those thrilling voices chanting the new song;—in vain; imagination hath but leaden wings for such a flight. Yet when we read the vision of the beloved apostle, and ponder over the glimpses therein revealed of future bliss, even at the partial transcription, our hearts must bound, our spirits must kindle with joy.

Precious stones are frequently employed in Scripture to represent splendor and vivid beauty of



color, as in Isaiah liv. and Ezekiel xxviii. ; but in two especial instances they are marshalled in constellations of peculiar grandeur. The first occurs in the Breast-Plate of the high priest, a jewel made by direction of Moses under the immediate supervision of the Almighty himself, and which was to be worn by Aaron and his successors while ministering in sacred worship. The second is on the foundations of the holy city, as set forth in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. In each case the number and kind of gems are very nearly, if not altogether, the same—the order of arrangement only varies. On the Breast-Plate the stones were engraven or sealed with the names of the twelve patriarchs, the sons of Jacob, in the order of their birth. In relation to the order of the names on the Breast-Plate, Jewish doctors of the Law, and Commentators differ. The Rabbins, and various other writers on the subject down to our own day, concur in the opinion that first were mentioned the six sons of Leah ; next the two of Bilhah ; next the two of Zilpah, and last of all the two of Rachel. But Josephus, who, himself a priest, ought surely to be an able authority for everything appertaining to the Hebrew law ; Prideaux, Jerome, and others, decide on placing them according to their ages. Which

is the more correct, I, of course, have no means of ascertaining. At this remote period, however, it seems not to be a matter of sufficient moment—not involving vital truth—for controversy or earnest speculation. The subject is here adverted to because that throughout the ensuing pages, allusion is occasionally made to the names on the Breast-Plate. On the Foundations the gems were engraven with the names of the twelve Apostles in the order of their calling; from which they are designated by mineralogists the “Apostle Gems.” Without presuming to indulge in frivolous or idle conjecture regarding such a remarkable coincidence, we may, nevertheless, be permitted a certain latitude of imaginativeness. With a view of ascertaining what poetical significations, if any, may perchance appertain to these grouped “Stones of Fire,” and being furthermore desirous of establishing analogies between such characteristics, and the histories of those whose names they memorialize, many commentators and other authorities have been consulted, and with but very limited success. Calmet, perhaps as reliable authority as any, affirms that the Hebrews themselves are ignorant of the true significations of their precious stones; and we cannot, with any degree of certainty, rely upon the

Egyptians, from whom they derived the names of them, or on other heathen authors of antiquity.

Every one is aware that to attempt to strictly literalize this most mystical of books, the Apocalypse—would be but arrogance and folly, for spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned; but can there be any impropriety in pursuing a train of thought which has been opened by inspiration, and which has a tendency to call off the mind from the baubles of earth and fix it upon the permanent glories of Heaven? I trow not. As to the manner in which the Foundations are garnished with precious stones, writers differ, Adam Clarke, in whom, certainly, the poetic element did not predominate—supposes that each stone, engraven with the name of an apostle, was placed merely as a threshold to each gate. Others incline to the opinion that the walls were inlaid all around. Twelve stones would seem to be but meagre garnishing for such a structure. Is not the figure more likely intended to imply that each gem, or multiplications of it, extended all around the walls; and as the name of the progenitor of each tribe was inscribed above the gates, might not that of each apostle be inscribed beneath?

The fame of the Priestly Breast-Plate, both for

its costly magnificence, and for the supernatural blaze of glory which emanated from it, having spread among the outside nations, who were ever keenly observant of the doings of the chosen people, the priests of heathen temples were induced to attempt various imitations of it, not comprehending its sacred import. They wore images and necklaces of gems, hoping by these apish devices to secure the popular confidence. Alcander, in his heliacal table, says that they pictured Apollo with a diadem of twelve precious stones; and another writer applied the sacred cluster of gems to the sun, affixing three to each quarter of the year. In the days of Pliny, gems were endowed with marvellous powers, and miracles of the most prodigious nature were rumored to be performed through their agency. Amulets, or talismans, of gems, inscribed with cabalistic characters, were worn, which were believed to bestow upon the fortunate possessor health, beauty, glory, and wealth.

Precious stones are indeed among the loveliest products of creation; from their resplendence and richness of colors, they may be called imperishable flowers. The whole symbolic mythology of Egypt was transcribed upon hard stones of almost every description, such being the most secure method of

preserving their ideas and doctrines. There is a Jewish tradition that Solomon engraved the *Tetragrammaton*, or adorable name of Jehovah, upon the foundation stone of the Temple.

For the poetical sentiments annexed to precious stones, in these pages, I am guided, in no small measure, by a rare old volume, "Solomon's Temple Spiritualized," by one Christopher Kelly. It is a treatise which abounds in original conceits and profound research into sacred ordinances and ceremonials. The mass of authorities whom he quotes appears almost incredible ; probably no writer upon sacred lore, ancient or modern, down to the end of the last century, has escaped his notice ; and having candidly weighed all their several opinions, he gives the result. Certain it is that no two translators from the Seventy down, agree in their descriptions or renderings of the precious stones : but, after all, being but vehicles of spiritual beauty, it is not essential that we should know their precise tints and qualities.

Oftimes the gems themselves suggest their significations, as, the blue sapphire, Heavenly-mindedness ; the green emerald, Refreshing-light ; the brilliant carbuncle, Royal-dominion : and again, they are deduced from a study of the characters

and careers of the patriarchs and their descendants, and of the holy apostles. Serious meditations these profess but to be, with no pretensions whatever to profundity or infallibility; for, the precious stones may be only designed to represent by their beauty, arrangement, and diversity, the harmonious blending and variety of divine graces in the soul formed anew after the image of Christ.

“And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.”

The First Foundation was:—

PETER,	<i>Jasper,</i>	Divine-mystery.
ANDREW,	<i>Sapphire,</i>	Heavenly-mindedness.
JAMES,	<i>Chalcedony,</i>	Royal-dominion.
JOHN,	<i>Emerald,</i>	Refreshing-light.
PHILIP,	<i>Sardonyx,</i>	Love.
BARTHOLOMEW, . .	<i>Sardine,</i>	Humility.
MATTHEW, . . .	<i>Chrysolite,</i>	Truth.
THOMAS,	<i>Beryl,</i>	Knowledge.
JAMES-THE-LESS, .	<i>Topaz,</i>	Mercy.
JUDE,	<i>Chrysoprosus,</i>	Prosperity.
SIMON,	<i>Jacinth,</i>	Victory.
MATTHIAS, . . .	<i>Amethyst,</i>	Immortal Joy.

Of this marvellous structure Jesus Christ himself
is the Corner-Stone.


A. B. G.

The Corner Stone.

Jesus Christ.

Salvation.

"Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."

HE figure of a Rock or Stone is repeatedly employed throughout the Holy Scriptures, whenever it is requisite to express vast strength, indestructibility, or firmness. We can conceive of no more forcible symbol of durability than a massive, mighty rock, which has withstood the shocks of the fierce tornado, and the corroding influences of centuries. And hence is God the Son often, both by the inspired writers and by himself, likened unto one, because He has endured unscathed the brunt of ages, and stood immovable against the terrible threefold ordeal of Heaven, of Earth, and of Hell. He suffered the righteous indignation of Heaven for the accumulated sins of the whole world which He had voluntarily assumed; He endured the ingratitude and malice of foolish

Men who disowned their Deliverer from wrath divine; and He met undaunted the demoniac fury of Hell with its legions of myrmidons, crushed its power forever, sheltered within His cleft side its longed-for prey, and triumphed gloriously over all, the Mighty Conqueror!

But He, the Saviour, is more frequently alluded to under the metaphor of a corner-stone—the most essential prop or pillar of a building. Christ, as the corner-stone of His Church, is not only a solid block of living-stone at the base of the structure; He is incorporated with it, and arising with it, stands exalted in towering glory at the head of the corner; and from the very summit of the edifice, issues His loving summons: “Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price!” Thus is it He becomes “the head of the body, the Church.”

“He is called (says Kelly), a *precious* stone, by a metaphor taken from gems and stones of great value. Ten thousand times more precious than that natural diamond rock on which an ancient castle once in England stood—now in deplorable ruins; whereas this Rock of Ages shall never behold corruption: more precious, indeed! as being

of a supernatural essence, and cut out of the mountain of eternity, without hands, in respect of His divine nature, which is free from the least shadow of a flaw, or any tincture of blemish—shining most oriently with all the sparklings of divine perfections. Precious is this stone on account of its admirable qualities, and most efficacious virtues, infinitely beyond the force and power of the famous *hæmatites*, for staunching the bleeding wounds of our souls, which would have bled to death through the gashes received in Paradise, had not virtue issued from Christ for their restraint. Beyond the fiery carbuncle in resisting the flames of His Father's wrath, that are ready to devour the vital spirits of wretched sinners, who dare presume to draw nigh to this consuming fire without Christ, or converse with such everlasting burnings. Beyond the attractive virtue of the magnetical stone, in the drawing of souls after Him, and alluring them into union and communion with himself. Nay, more precious than the impenetrable adamant, whereof some ancients report such a quality to be inherent in it that those who carry it about them, shall prove valiant in fight and unconquerable in their enterprises. Thus we are made more than conquerors through Him that loved us, by whose means it is

that we receive the victory, when fighting under the banner of this heavenly Achilles, who, being himself animated with a more precious unction than his, of ambrosia from above, is in every part invulnerable, except His heel, which for awhile is bruised in His poor members militant upon the earth, till all His enemies be subdued under His feet in the behalf of His dear church.

“Besides, He is a most precious stone, by reason of His incomparable rarity; there being but one of this nature found in the whole world. Who would not turn a spiritual merchant, and selling all that he hath, endeavor to purchase this inestimable treasure? This is that stone, says holy Peter, on which only our salvation resteth. There being no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved, than that new name engraven on this white stone, the Lord our Righteousness. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only sun, which, by His bright and fulgent rays, dispels the darkness of the chambers of death, and of the bottomless pit. He is the only Phoenix, out of whose perfumed ashes doth arise the curiously plumed progeny of the church, whose wings are covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold. This is the only stone, the Rock of Ages so pre-

cious to them that believe, on which alone our feet can be steadily fixed, that our goings may be established."

Imperial Rock of Ages ! on whom no tempest-tossed voyager ever suffered shipwreck ; trusting in whom none ever was disappointed ; and clinging to whom none ever perished ! Evermore be Thou our sure refuge and our secure hiding-place !

A. B. G.

God.


DOLIEST of holies ! Thou art God alone,
On Thy all-glorious, everlasting throne !
Thou, Rock of Ages, dost the same abide,
While our durations by short minutes glide ;
Thy wondrous works Thy mighty power de-
clare,

Which yet faint sketches of Thy glory are.
Thy majesty ten thousand suns outvies,
A sight too radiant for the seraph's eyes.
Thy Deity, uncircumscribed by place,
Fills heaven, and earth, and extra mundane space ;
Above all change unchangeably abides,
And, as it pleases, casual changes guides.
Thou present art in this terrestrial sphere—
Where'er we fly or hide, Thou still art near ;
Thou present art when sinners dare thy stroke ;
Thou present art when saints Thine aid invoke.
Thou, in all sin's recesses, dost survey
Pollution with an unpolluted ray ;
Thou present art all creatures to sustain,

And influence Thine universal reign.
Thou in the temple of the world dost dwell,
All blessings to confer, all ills repel ;
Benign, or dreadful, Thou still present art,
In every saint, in every sinner's heart.
Thy saints there, for thy Godhead, temples build,
Which with Thy gracious Shechinah are filled ;
And from Thy presence sinners feel within,
Anticipation of wrath due to sin.
Thou Searcher of my heart! my heart possess,
Thine own idea deeply there impress.
Oh purify me, Lord ! as Thou art pure ;
From the polluting world, my soul secure ;
Thine image reëngrave : to copy Thee
Is my chief prayer—shall my ambition be.

The Gracious Invitation.

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

RACIOUS “word” of a gracious Saviour, on which the soul may confidently repose, and be at peace forever! It is a *present* rest—the rest of *grace* as well as the rest of *glory*. Not only are there signals of peace hung out from the walls of heaven—the lights of Home glimmering in the distance to cheer our footsteps; but we have the “shadow” of this “great Rock” in a *present* “weary land.” Before the throne above is there “the sea of glass,” without one rippling wave; but there is a haven even on earth for the tempest-tossed—“We which have believed do enter into rest.”

Return, then, unto thy rest, O my soul! Let the sweet cadence of this “word of Jesus” steal on thee amid the disquietudes of earth. Sheltered in Him, thou art safe for time, safe for eternity!

There may be, and *will* be, temporary tossings, fears, and misgivings—manifestations of inward corruption; but these will only be like the surface-heavings of the ocean, while underneath there is a deep, settled calm. “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace (*lit.* peace, peace) whose mind is stayed on Thee.” In the world it is care on care, trouble on trouble, sin on sin; but every wave that breaks on the believer’s soul seems sweetly to murmur “Peace, peace!”

And if the foretaste of this rest be precious, what must be the glorious consummation? Awaking in the morning of immortality, with the unquiet dream of earth over—faith lost in sight, and hope in fruition;—no more any bias to sin—no more latent principles of evil—nothing to disturb the spirit’s deep, everlasting tranquillity—the trembling magnet of the heart reposing, where alone it can confidingly and permanently rest, in the enjoyment of the Infinite God.

From “Words of Jesus,” by Rev. John R. Macduff.

The Goodly Mansion.



ONE, O only mansion !

O Paradise of joy !

Where tears are ever banish'd,

And joys have no alloy ;

Beside thy living waters

All plants are, great and small—

The cedar of the forest,

The hyssop of the wall.

Thy ageless walls are bonded

With amethyst unpriced,

The saints build up its fabric,

And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !

Thou hast no time, bright day !

Dear fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages

They raise thy holy power ;

Thine is the victor's laurel,

And thine the golden dower.

From St. Bernard's Poem, the "City of God."

Jasper.

Peter.

Divine Mystery.

“Which things the angels desire to look into.”

THE JASPER is the precious stone of the first foundation of the Holy City, where it is engraven with the name of Peter. The jasper is a semi-transparent gem, of which there are specified fifteen distinct varieties, although the most valuable is a clear green with red veins. It is frequently beautifully and curiously variegated with rings, spots, and stripes; is very hard in substance, and is susceptible of a fine polish. Some translate this stone sapphire, and others, diamond. We read in the Apocalypse that, “He who sat upon the throne was to look upon, like jasper;” “which,” says the learned author to whom I am chiefly indebted for these descriptions of gems, “signifies the stupendous and various excellences of the Divine attributes; and that as this stone is not transpa-

rent, so neither is it possible or lawful for any mortal to dive into such unspeakable mysteries.”

DIVINE MYSTERY, both from its own characteristics and the Evangelist’s language, seems to be the fittest signification to attach to this stone, for it begins and completes the entire fabric, the first foundation and topmost wall being both of jasper. The skillful admixture and blending of colors, in the gems of the foundation, must awaken our liveliest admiration, if we give the subject a moment’s consideration. No two are placed consecutively whose approximation of tone or hue might cloy on the sight, or whose incongruity might challenge the nicest artistic taste; but all evidence the matchless harmony and variety which is ever visible in the handi-work of the God of infinite love and power. An equal harmoniousness manifests itself in the setting of the priestly Breast-Plate gems, although their order from these is different. The cause of the variation we cannot determine, but may not there be something significant in the fact that the last mentioned in the Old Testament list is the first in the New? Flavel beautifully says of the mystery of the Divine dealings with us: “Providence is like a curious piece of tapestry, made of a thousand shreds, which sin-

gle, appear useless, but put together, they represent a beautiful history to the eye."

Upon St. Peter was conferred the honor of being the senior apostle of his Lord. Jesus, on his first interview with Simon Peter, called him a stone; and Christians in general are designated by St. Paul, "living stones"—that is to say, stones which are firmly placed and have not been disturbed from their original foundations. Peter, the ardent, enthusiastic disciple, in his impulses, his errors, his weaknesses, and his bitter repentance, touches and wins our warmest sympathies above any other of the chosen few; because that in temperament he is a type of a large portion of humanity. In direct contrast to the character of Peter is the saintly sweetness of that of John, which, while all admire, very few are able to imitate. To natural disposition may justly be attributed many of the prominent characteristics of each. Peter seems of us; John far above us. The history of Peter is calculated to afford us consolation and hope. Were his restoration to Christ's favor not recorded for our encouragement and instruction, we would be apt to doubt it; for mere human judgment is little disposed to extend mercy to such fearful delinquency. His ill-regulated zeal continu-


ally led him into errors ; and at times, his impetuosity drew upon him the gentle rebuke of his Master. It is difficult to trace a resemblance between the fiery adherent who wished to invoke vengeful fire from heaven to consume certain who declined to do him reverence, and the tender pastor who afterwards in his epistles bestows such affectionate greetings on his flock, and who joyfully hailed the bitter pangs of martyrdom. After such experience as was his—after such soul-discipline, well might Peter describe the angels as desirous of looking into the mysteries of redemption. He loved much because much he was forgiven.

In our hour of most grievous sin, do Thou, O Lord, but turn and look upon us as thou didst upon derelict Peter, and by that glance, we, too, shall be melted into contrition ! Thrice blessed apostle ! who entered into the bright cloud with his Master, and witnessed the sublime mystery of His Transfiguration, full well might he, enrapt in the beatific vision, exclaim, “ Lord, it is good for us to be here ; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.”

A. B. G.

Trust in God.

“What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”


 KNOW not what Thou dost: all, all seems
dark!
Clouds of portentous blackness are o'er
spread;
Wild billows dash upon my quiv'ring bark,
The thunder's crash reverb'rates o'erhead.
Yet, Lord, I'll trust Thee in life's darkest hour—
My shield, my safeguard, and my strong high
tower.

I know not what Thou dost: yet I will wait
Till I behold Thee in heaven's cloudless sky,—
Till I shall reach that glory-circled state,
In whose bright radiance darkness melts away.
Then shall I read Thy doings here below,
Inscribed in lines of light that ever glow.

I know not what Thou dost: yet I will know,
And know to praise Thee for my darkest days;
Though themes of sorrow seem Thy doings now,
Yet they shall soon be turn'd to themes for praise.
Yes, I will trust Thee till Thou kindly pour,
On me Thy glory's coruscating shower.

I know not what Thou dost: yet will I hope
In Thee till life's wild troubled stream be past;
Till heaven's fair portals on my vision ope,
Till immortality be o'er me cast:
Till glory on my wondering spirit break,
And glad fruition follow in its wake.

Why am I sent Here?

S a question not always asked with as pious care as it should be. One of the most hardened infidels in our land was brought to the knowledge of the truth by means of a minister of our acquaintance, who had been driven into his house by a violent storm. The minister felt much grieved at being stopped in his way before he reached the house of a brother, but God meant it to save life. The following story shows the importance of asking "Why am I sent here?" "Mr. Guthrie, a minister who lived and labored in Scotland more than a century ago, was one evening travelling home very late, when he lost his way, and laid the reins on the horse's neck, committing himself to Providence. After long travelling, the horse brought him to a farmer's house, into which he went, and requested permission to sit by the fire until morning. This was granted.

"A Romish priest was administering extreme

unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired; he then went to the dying woman and asked her if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death in consequence of what the priest had said and done to her. She answered that she did not; on which he preached to her salvation through the atoning blood of the Lamb. The Lord enabled her to understand, and to believe the message of mercy, and she died in the triumphs of redeeming love. After witnessing this astonishing scene, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse and rode home. On his arrival he told Mrs. Guthrie he had seen a great wonder during the night. 'I came,' he said, 'to a farmhouse, where I found a woman in a state of nature, I saw her in a state of grace, and left her in a state of glory.'"

Here and There.

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”



W H A T no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In her noblest flights conferr'd—
This hath God prepared in store
For his people evermore.

When the shaded pilgrim land
Fades before my closing eye,
Then reveal'd on either hand
Heaven's own scenery shall lie;
Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
Life's pure river murmuring low,
Forms of loveliness and light

Lost to earth long time ago :—
Yes, my own, lamented long,
Shine amid the angel throng.

Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here,
Hill, and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile, affection's tear—
These were shadows, sent in love,
Of realities above!

When upon my wearied ear,
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky.
Long hushed voices blend again
Sweetly in that welcome strain.

Here were sweet and varied tones—
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall;
Yet Creation's travail-groans
Ever sadly sighed through all;
There no discord jars the air—
Harmony is perfect there!

When this aching heart shall rest
All its busy pulses o'er,

From her mortal robes undrest,
 Shall my spirit upward soar—
Then shall pure, unmingled joy,
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here devotion's healing balm
 Often came to soothe my breast—
Hours of deep and holy calm,
 Earnest of eternal rest;
But the bliss was here unknown
Which shall there be all my own.

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
 Of that wondrous land above—
All the clouds and storms are gone,
 All is light and all is love.
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day!

From the German of Lange.


Divine Mysteries.

THERE are secrets in our Lord's procedure which He will not explain to us in this life, and which may not, perhaps, be explained in the life to come. We cannot tell how He makes evil the minister of good; how he combines physical and moral agencies of different kinds and orders, in the production of blessings. We cannot so much as conjecture what bearings the system of Redemption, in every part of its process, may have upon the relations of the Universe; not even what may be all the connections of Providence in the occurrences of this moment, or of the last. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for us: it is high, we cannot attain it." Our Sovereign's "way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters: and his footsteps are not known." When, therefore, we are surrounded with difficulty; when we cannot unridle His conduct in particular dispensations, we must remember that He is God; that we are to walk by faith; and to trust Him as implicitly when we are

in "the valley of the shadow of death," as when His "candle shines upon our heads." We must remember that it is not for us to be admitted into the cabinet of the King of kings; that creatures constituted as we are, could not sustain the view of His unveiled agency; that it would confound, and scatter, and annihilate our little intellects. As often, then, as He retires from our observation, blending goodness with majesty, let us lay our hands upon our mouths, and worship. This stateliness of our King can afford us no just ground of uneasiness.

REV. JOHN MASON.

Whispers of the Watching Spirit.

N youth I died, in maiden bloom ;
With gentle hand Death touched my cheek,
And with his touch there came to me
A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay,
He was so kind, I feared him not:
My friends beheld my slow decline,
And mourn'd my timeless lot.

They saw but sorrow : I descried
The bliss that never fades away.
They felt the shadow of the tomb ;
I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch ; then on mine ear
Amid the sobbing fell a voice
Their anguish could not hear.

“ Come, and fear not,” it softly cried ;
“ We wait to lead thee to thy home.”

Then leap'd my spirit to reply,
"I come, I long to come!"

I heard them whisper o'er my bed,
Another hour, and she must die.
I was too weak to answer them—
That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourn'd me as untimely dead;
And heard not how I sung a song
Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place;
My soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black;
Through the sad aisles the requiem rang;
Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of heaven,
A holy pean sang.

Oft from my paradise I come,
To visit those I love on earth.
I enter, unperceived, the door;
They sit around the hearth,

And talk in sadden'd tones of me,
As one that never may return.
How little think they that I stand,
Among them as they mourn.

But time will ease their grief, and death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes.
Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries.

The Dream of Dr. Doddridge.

DR. DODDRIDGE was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent very many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution, it was *not* introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the Throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "the visions of the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful dream: He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and, at last, to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and suffering of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender aërial form, he seemed to float

in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or a village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was naught to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.


Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled together through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld, was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor, he re-

plied, that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply, they were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before His arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment, that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants; and,

sent by God, that they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated, were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable, had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened and He entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was His appearance, that the doctor sunk down at His feet, completely overcome by His majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed

with His fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and, after having Himself drank, presented it to Dr. Doddridge, saying: "This is the new wine in my Father's Kingdom." No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished, perfect love had now cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from His lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labors are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is the reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impression of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

To My Soul.

UEST from a holier world,
O tell me where the peaceful valleys lie!
Dove in the ark of life, when thou shalt fly,
Where will thy wings be furled?

Where is thy native nest?
Where the green pastures that the blessed roam?
Impatient dweller in thy clay-built home,
Where is the heavenly rest?

On some immortal shore—
Some realm away from earth and time, I know;
A land of bloom, where living waters flow,
And grief comes nevermore.

Faith turns my eyes above;
Day fills with floods of light the boundless skies;
Night watches calmly with her starry eyes,
All tremulous with love.


And as entranced I gaze,
Sweet music floats to me from distant lyres;

I see a temple, round whose golden spires
Unearthly glory plays!

Within those azure deeps
I fix thy home—a mansion kept for thee
Within the Father's house, whose noiseless key
Kind Death, the warder, keeps.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

What makes the Soul so valuable?

TS immortality. When endless years have run on, the soul will still exist; amazing thought! Will it never tire? will the ethereal pulsation of sublimated existence never grow heavy? will the wheel never be broken at the cistern? Never! The soul will endure as long as the throne of God! As heaven's wall shall gather no mosses from age, neither will the soul become decrepit; and in all the multitudes of heaven, not one shall be seen leaning upon his staff for very age! What! like the angels, never grow old! to be always the same through dateless centuries as when first created! But cannot she annihilate herself? Oh, no, the soul's literal suicide cannot be performed! No Judas Iscariot can find a sulphurous tree, or jutting wall, which, in Gehenna's cavern, or burning fields, may afford him suspension between life and death. The soul must live on!

Sapphire.

Andrew.

Heavenly-Mindedness.

"We have found the Messiah."

THE SAPPHIRE is the precious stone of the second foundation of the New Jerusalem, and sealed with the name of Andrew. The oriental sapphire is an exquisite gem, held in high reputation from its celestial azure and limpid transparency. In lustre and hardness it is surpassed only by the diamond. The ancients were wont to ascribe to it many miraculous virtues, such as being an antidote against the stings of scorpions and adders, and frequently wore it as an amulet. It is enumerated among the Stones of Fire, which Ezekiel the prophet said adorned the King of Tyre; and the same inspired writer describes the appearance of the heavenly throne, which he saw in his vision, as resembling a sapphire stone. Its charming cerulean, so universally admired, and reminding us of the

blue empyrean that arches in limitless expanse in the firmament above us, renders it a fitting symbol of HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS,—of the undisturbed tranquillity and sweet benign graces that reign in a saintly soul; just as a clear blue sky always betokens fair weather and cheerful sunshine. Blue, it may be observed, is a favorite color of Scripture, and in those days it was one of the most costly dyes in use, and much valued for elegant draperies and royal attire. Placed next in succession to the jasper in the eternal foundations, the sapphire is in beautiful contrast, the pellucid azure of the one being in fine relief with the semi-opaqueness and more sober comeliness of the other.

“We have found the Messias!” are the only words recorded of St. Andrew throughout the sacred narratives. This disciple, who lays not much claim to our attention by his sayings, was called by Christ to follow Him while laboring in his lowly avocation of a fisherman, in company with his brother, Simon Peter. The words are few, but they seem to imply two important points; first, that he had been seeking Him who now, thus unexpectedly, manifested himself; and, in the second place, that, so soon as found, he, with

unquestioning faith, instantly believed on Him. “*We have found the Messias!*” exclaimed he, not *I* have found Him; for well he knew that the mighty redemption should extend to all those who would receive it;—and, leaving his nets, he straightway hastened to acquaint others with the glad tidings. The phrase, by its concise force, seems to indicate the eager delight of his soul, when the light of inspiration, flashing upon him, revealed to his astonished gaze the long-expected Messiah, walking in serene majesty by the Sea of Galilee. No sooner did Jesus speak, than, rejoicing in his unsought election, Andrew immediately, waiting but to bring his brother also to the Saviour, followed Him; and the celestial radiance which then dawned upon him, illumined his rugged path with increasing glory, until, released from the cross of martyrdom, the Morning Star glittered upon his brow.

Said one, whose life had been a course of trusting faith and heavenly-mindedness, “Though I change my place, I shall not change my company; for I have walked with God on earth while living, and after death I shall walk with Him in heaven.” “*We have found the Messias!*” Nay, rather have we been found of Him as was Andrew; for “all

we as sheep have gone astray," and He came to seek and to save those that are lost.


"O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day."

Seek and find us, frail wanderers, Thou Shepherd Divine! and so, whether the meeting and greeting was in an hour of ease or of toil; in an hour of joy or of anguish; in the first, or sixth, or eleventh hour of life, we are safe, safe forevermore, and shall shine in unfading lustre in that grand Coronation-Day, when every jewel shall sparkle with immortal light.

A. B. G.

Pilgrimage.

“And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

 HEERFUL, O Lord! at Thy command,
I bind my sandals on;
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,
And go to seek the better land,
The way Thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way
Some bitter grief I meet;
“This path hath echoed with His moan,
And every rude and flinty stone,
Hath bruised His blessèd feet.”

Fainting and sad along the road,
Thou layest on my head,
The hands they fastened to the tree,
The hands that paid the price for me,
The hands that brake the bread,


Thou whisperest some pleasant word,
I catch the much-loved tone ;
I feel *Thee* near, my gracious Lord !
I know Thou keepest watch and ward,
And all my grief is gone.

From every mountain's rugged peak,
The far-off land I know ;
And from its fields of fadeless bloom,
Come breezes laden with perfume,
And fan my weary brow.

There peaceful hills and holy vales
Sleep in eternal day ;
While rivers, deep and silent, glide
'Twixt meads and groves on either side,
Through which the blessed stray.

- There He abides, who is of Heaven,
The loveliest and the best ;
His face, when shall I gaze upon !
Or share with the beloved John
The pillow of His breast !


The Heavenly Temple.

 FIND a beautiful description of the heavenly state in the statement of St. John, that he saw no temple there. It tells me there is no keeping of the earthly Sabbath, for all its days alike are holiness to the Lord; and telling me this, it also tells me that if once admitted within the gates of pearl, and privileged to tread the streets of gold, I shall be free from remainder of corruption; I shall no longer need external ordinances to remind me of my allegiance, and strengthen me for conflict; but that, made equal to the angels, I shall love God without wavering, and serve God without weariness. Therefore, however a human pencil, striving to delineate the heavenly Jerusalem, might have intermingled sanctuaries and palaces; and crowned the city with that diadem of towers which tells of dwelling-places, reared for Him whom the universe cannot contain; there is more, far more, to me in the total want of sacred architecture,

than in the rich profusion of dome and steeple with which man would have crested the heavenly metropolis. And though poetry, if bidden to pour its melodies on the home of the saints, might have drawn its imagery from what is most celestial on earth, and have spoken of the courts of the Lord's house, and the tabernacles crowned with the mystic insignia of a present Deity—nothing could have been so eloquent to me of the deep tranquilities and purities of heaven, and nothing could have so told me of one uniform, cloudless, blessed Sabbath, as the simple announcement of St. John, "And I saw no temple there."

MELVILLE.

The Departed One.

PEAK to us; thou art laid
So calmly out, to slumber, we might deem
Thee smiling in some bright and happy
dream:

• Why didst thou fade
With youth and joyance on thy radiant brow?
Fair spirit, thou art blest and happy now.

The earth was bright to thee;
Thou look'dst upon its sunshine and its flowers,
And gather'dst gladness for the weary hours:

Life's mystery
Of joy and sorrow it was thine to know;
What heart that speaketh not of bliss and woe!


A woman's soul was thine,
And woman's nature on thy brow was seal'd;
And depths within thy spirit e'er revealed,
As a pure shrine,
The countless treasures of affection's might,
And changeless truth, unscathed by earthly blight.

Still shedding a soft spell
O'er the sweet sanctuary of hearth and home,
As a rich sunbeam on the ocean foam,
So didst thou dwell,
Amid thy cherished—a fair form of light,
Beloved and loving as an angel bright.

Thou retest now: the rush,
The strife of being, are forever past;
And, calmly sheltered from the fearful blast,
Thy joyous gush
Of holy rapture and adoring love
Ascendeth still to Him who reigns above.


Farewell, farewell! thy voice
From earth hath parted, and its music deep
Hath mingled with the lays that melt and steep
In rapturous joys
“Seraphic legions.” Be it ours to dwell
E'er with thee on that shore.—Farewell, farewell.

Reasons for being Holy.

MAN who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon, he knows not how soon, to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips, should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.

ALBERT BARNES.

Thoughts of Heaven.

 O sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight
air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid
ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless prayer and song—
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailing blends not with the voice of spring,
As some too tender floweret fades and dies.

No night distills
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame ;
No moon is needed there ! the light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep ;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep !

No blasted flower
Or withered bud, celestial gardens know !
No scorching blasts, or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe !

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread ;
The song of peace Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread !

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one ; thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.


With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of Eternal Day !

The New Jerusalem.

IT is not for nothing that St. John, representing the Jerusalem that is on high, saith that it is full of the glory of God, and that its light is more sparkling than that of precious stones; that the wall thereof is jasper, the buildings of pure gold, like unto transparent glass; the foundations thereof so many quarries of precious stones; that its twelve gates are twelve pearls, its streets paved with gold; and that the Almighty, and the Lamb that accomplished our salvation, are the temple of it; that it hath no need of the sun, or of the moon, for God enlightens it on all sides; and the Lamb is that which makes it sparkle with eternal light. Although these terms be prophetic and mysterious, their sense is nevertheless a representation of a magnificence which cannot be expressed. And although it have a particular regard to the light of knowledge, and the perfect holiness of the church of God; nevertheless, it includes the quality of its perfect happiness, and the beauty of its habitation.

AMYRALDUS.

Heaven.

 H, talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy ineffable.
Oh, tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing;
And every glad and tearless eye,
Beams like the bright sun, gloriously.
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

Oh, happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin:
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night—
The darkness of that land is light.
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
From thence to endless banishment.

And never more may one dark tear,
Bedim their burning eyes;
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem,
In their immortal diadem.

Oh, lovely, blooming country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair,
And though no fields nor forests green,
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
Nor perfumes load the breeze;
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found—
The archetypes of these.
There is the home, the land of birth,
Of all we highest prize on earth;
The storms that rock this world beneath,
Must there forever cease;
The only air the blessèd breathe,
Is purity and peace.

Oh, happy, happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Deity,
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest.

And those blest souls whom death did sever,
Have met to mingle joys forever.
Oh, soon may heaven uncloset me!
Oh, may I soon that glory see!
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that happy, happy land!


BOWLES.

Chalcedony.

James.

Royal Dominion.

"Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory."

HE CHALCEDONY, or carbuncle, is the precious stone of the third foundation of the Zion on High, where it bears the signet of James. From its superb color, resembling a coal, red hot with fire, it seems a most appropriate symbol of ROYAL DOMINION, and, consequently, of the royal house of Judah, from which sprung our Lord Jesus Christ. In the vision of Ezekiel, the Sacred Presence which occupied the throne of Sapphire, was in the likeness of a flame of fire, and of great brightness. This brilliant gem, which burns radiantly even in the dark, is, by the Seventy, and others of the most reliable translators, styled the carbuncle. Ancient superstition attributed to it divers and excellent powers, especially that of resisting poison. For the enhancement of its dazzling glories, how more advantageously could

it have been set, than between the celestial sapphire and lovely emerald.

Of the apostle Saint James, there appears on holy record no distinctly personal expression ; but on two separate occasions, we find him, in company with his brother John, making requests of the Saviour, although it is uncertain which was the spokesman, and in neither instance is the impression created in our minds, of the most favorable kind. The replies of Jesus were intended not for their instruction only, but also for ours, "for in many things we offend all." Once they wished Him to permit them to call down fire, as did Elias, on some who failed to recognize their dignity ; and again, with an ambitious presumption which was encouraged by maternal solicitude, entreated of their Master that He would confer on them a station in His kingdom, second but to His own. Between these characteristics, and the flashing, fiery carbuncle, we may trace some resemblance. James, truly, was granted his petition, for not long after the Ascension of his Lord to His throne, he was beheaded by Herod : thus achieving preëminence in a manner for which he looked not, and winning the first crown of martyrdom among his peers. The humility and gentleness inculcated by his Mas-

ter, had their full effect upon him, as was seen in the sequel. It is said that when he was led to the place of execution, the officer who had guarded him to the tribunal, and who was also his accuser, having been converted by his conduct at the time of trial, fell down at the feet of the apostle, and entreated his forgiveness for what he had done. The holy martyr, tenderly embracing him, replied, "Peace, my son, peace be to thee and the pardon of thy faults!" The officer, thereupon, publicly declared himself a Christian, and both were beheaded together. How striking the contrast between this benedictory spirit, and his early one of resentment!

The bright red of the chalcedony may aptly serve to illustrate the zeal which animates the soul of every loyal Christian soldier while engaged in life's incessant warfare; and it may also be a figure of the hot persecutions through which the church in all ages has passed. Its dimless lustre may, furthermore, denote the quenchless glory of the Divine Representative of the kingly house of Judah. A soul glowing with the ardor of the chalcedony, and tempered with the serene loveliness of the sapphire, may soar above the ills of life—may smile unappalled upon the fury of the whirlwind, and

sing, with steadfast voice, amid the billowy surges of Jordan. Many, like one of Bunyan's Pilgrims, pass through that dreaded flood, singing a triumphal chant, though none on this side may understand its import. Oh, Thou, who "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting" hath swayed the sceptre of Royal Dominion, rule over our hearts now and evermore ! Thou, who holdest the key of the house of David, who openeth and no man shutteth ; and shutteth and no man openeth : "In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our prosperity ; in the hour of Death, and in the Day of Judgment

Good Lord, deliver us !"

A. B. G.

The Beatific Vision.

“The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it.”—Rev. xxi.—24.

“Not the glitter and glory; not the diamond and topaz; no, it is God; He is all and in all.”—RICHARD WATSON.

TALK in that light!”—Oh! who are they
 Whose feet shall tread that shining way?
 Whose sight, undazzled, shall behold
 That pavement of transparent gold?
 By angels welcomed, who, oh! who
 Shall pass those pearly portals through,
 And brighten in the glorious blaze,
 Of that gemm’d city’s sparkling rays?

There walk the saved: but not in light,
 Of suns in sevenfold lustre bright;
 Nor peerless moonbeams’ silent sheen,
 Reposing; soft, on velvet green:
 No! nor where the hallowed radiance spreads,
 From golden lamps, o’er sainted heads,
 Within the temple ceaseless found,
 While walk the hours their silent round.

There walk the saved : yes ! they who bore,
While traversing life's stormy shore,
Through tears of blood, the hallow'd cross ;
Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,
Received the Saviour's form impress'd,
Whose signet, on each hallowed breast
Enstamp'd the mystic name, unknown
To all but those around the throne.

Who calm, 'midst earth's tumultuous strife,
Drew from Himself that inward life
Which spirits breathe, from sense apart ;
While deep in each devoted heart,
The formless glory dwelt serene,
Of old, in cherub splendor seen—
Prelude of bliss reserved above,
In perfect light, for perfect love.

Now, all is heaven ! no temple there
Unfolds its gates ; no voice of prayer
From that bright multitude ascends ;
But holy rapture, reverent, bends
Before the Mediatorial throne ;
Before the Lamb ! whose beams alone
Irradiate that eternal sky ;
The bursting blaze of Deity !

Soft is the voice of golden lutes ;
Soft bloom heaven's ambrosial fruits ;
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed,
From radiant gems in order spread,
• From golden streets, from emerald floors,
From crystal floods, and pearly doors,
From rainbow tints, from angel's wings,
And all unuttered glorious things.

Yet, not that city's dazzling glow,
Nor limpid water's crystal flow,
Nor dulcet harmony that springs
From golden lyres, nor angel's wings,
Though glistening with intensest dyes,
Reflected from immortal skies,
Completes the palmy bliss of those
On whom heaven's pearly portals close.


No ! 'tis with unfilm'd eyes, to see
The one incarnate Deity,
Who still, in lamb-like meekness, bears
Imprinted deep, those glorious scars,
Whence issued wide that crimson flow
In which their robes were washed below,
Which bought that crown, whose splendor
bright
Now spheres them in a world of light !

No! 'tis not all that heaven can show
Of great, or fair, unglimpsed below ;
Nor converse deep with spirits high
Who saw those volleyed lightnings fly
Which scathed their bright compeers in bliss,
And hurl'd them down to hell's abyss ;
Who marked creation rise sublime,
And hymned the early birth of time :

No! not with minds like these to blend,
And feel each angel form a friend ;
But God, their fount, to know and see ;
From all-pervading DERRY
To catch the nearer burst of light ;
To gain the beatific sight ;
Entranced in glory's peerless blaze,
Conform'd to HIM, on HIM to gaze.

MRS. BULMER.

The Pleasures of the Redeemed.


HEN we say that the state of the other world is unknown, the only meaning of it is, that it is a state of such happiness, so far beyond anything that we ever yet experienced, that we cannot form any notion or idea of it. We know that there is such a happiness; we know, in some measure, wherein such happiness consists; viz., in seeing God and the blessed Jesus, who loved us, and gave himself for us; in praising our Creator and Redeemer; in conversing with saints and angels. But how great, how ravishing and transporting a pleasure this is, we cannot tell, because we never yet felt it. Now, methinks, this should not make the thoughts of death uneasy to us, should not make us unwilling to go to heaven, that the happiness of heaven is too great for us to know or to conceive in this world. For men are naturally fond of unknown and untried pleasures; which is so far from being a disparagement to them, that it raises our expectations

of them, that they are unknown. In the things of this world, enjoyment usually lessens our esteem and value for them, and we always value that most which we have never tried ; and methinks the happiness of the other world should not be the only thing we despise before we try it. It is some encouragement to us that the happiness of heaven is too big to be known in this world ; for did we perfectly know it now, it could not be very great.

Sherlock on Death.

The Heavenly Choir.

“They rest not day and night.”

HEY rest not day and night,
Each hour the anthem swells;
With ever new delight,
The tongue untiring dwells:—
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou Father, Spirit, Word,
Our humble voices hear.

Still endless ages roll,
And Time himself stands still;
Still from the vaulted pole
The listening ear shall fill:—
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou Father, Spirit, Word,
Our humble voices hear.

Of worlds which deck the sky,
Each has its note of praise
Joined in the melody

Of stars, which sing God's grace :—
O holy God, give ear,
While each revolving sphere,
Conspires the soul to raise.

Through yon cathedral high,
Whose architect is God,
The blended echoes fly
O'er hill, and plain, and flood :—
O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Is still the ceaseless word
Through all that bright abode.

But best of all it comes
From infant voices sweet ;
From those whose happy homes
Are at their Saviour's feet.
And thus they look and sing,
Admitting, as their voices ring,
The wonders of His grace.

They rest not day and night,
Nor would they lose one strain ;
For all things there unite
To banish tears and pain—
To catch the echo wild,
So bold, so soft, so mild,
To catch the heavenly strain.

While envious earth may blend

Her discords in a swell,

Nor evermore offend,

With shouts of demons fell :


The endless sound goes on,

Around the dazzling throne—

That song they love so well.

REV. THOMAS A. COOK.

The Light, the Way, and the Truth.

 Lord, who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death; the Light, without which is darkness; the Way, without which there is wandering; the Truth, without which there is error; the Life, without which there is death; say, Lord, let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death; illuminate, Oh, illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Royal Dominion of Christ.

E, the Father infinite,
Turning, addressed Messiah, where he sat
Exalted gloriously, at His right hand.
This day belongs to Justice, and to Thee,
Eternal Son! Thy right for service done
Abundantly fulfilling all my will;
By promise Thine, from all eternity,
Made in the ancient Covenant of Grace;
And Thine, as most befitting, since in Thee
Divine and human meet, impartial Judge,
Consulting thus the interests of both.
Go then, my Son, divine similitude!
Image express, of Deity unseen!
The book of my remembrance take; and take
The golden crowns of life, due to the saints;
Thy armor take; gird on thy sword, thy sword
Of justice ultimate, reserved, till now
Unsheathed, in the eternal armory;
And mount the living chariot of God.
Thou goest not now, as once to Calvary,

To be insulted, buffeted, and slain ;
Thou goest not now with battle, and the voice
Of war, as once against the rebel hosts :
Thou goest a Judge, and find'st the guilty bound :
Thou goest to prove, condemn, acquit, reward ;
Not unaccompanied ; all these, my saints
Go with Thee, glorious retinue ! to sing
Thy triumph, and participate Thy joy ;
And I, the Omnipresent with Thee go ;
And with Thee, all the glory of my throne.

* * * *

And all His saints, and all His angel bands,
As, glorious, they on high ascended, sung
Glory to God, and to the Lamb ! they sung
Messiah fairer than the sons of men,
And altogether lovely. "Grace is poured
Into Thy lips, above all measure poured ;
And therefore God hath blessed Thee evermore.
Gird, gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou
Most Mighty ! with Thy glory ride ; with all
Thy majesty, ride prosperously, because
Of meekness, truth, and righteousness. Thy throne,
O God, forever and forever stands :
The sceptre of Thy kingdom still is right ;
Therefore hath God, Thy God, anointed Thee,
With oil of gladness, and perfumes of myrrh,

Out of the ivory palaces, above
Thy fellows, crowned the Prince of Endless Peace."
Thus sung they God, their Saviour ; and themselves,
Prepared complete to enter now with Christ,
Their living Head, into the Holy Place.


Pollock's " Course of Time."

Emerald.

John.

Refreshing Light.

“Because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.”

HE EMERALD or smaragdus is the precious stone of the fourth foundation of the Celestial City, where it is sealed with the name of John. Among all the precious minerals there is none other so grateful to the sight as the emerald, for its intense and admirable greenness, entirely free from the admixture of either yellow or blue, and likewise for its pellucid clearness. To the wearied eye there is no color so refreshing or salutary as pure grass-green. When satiated with the gaudy beauties of the gay parterre, gladly do we turn for relief to the cool verdure of the lawn. The emerald, by its delightful color and brightness, seems to suggest its own interpretation—REFRESHING LIGHT. In value it ranks nearly as high as the diamond, and it was considered as one of the choicest exports of ancient Tyre. It used to be worn as an amulet and prized as a remedy for epilepsy. Not an inapt symbol is

it of the eternal verdure that borders the holy stream from which quaff the immaculate citizens. John, in his vision, beheld a rainbow around about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

St. John, being the fourth on the list of apostles, to him, therefore, is assigned this gem; and appropriately, too, for no other saint (except Paul) was ever favored, while yet in the body, by beholding such refreshing and glorious scenes as was the beloved disciple. With the anticipation of these ineffable pleasures glowing warm within his soul, what must have been the exultation of John, when, at length, was given the signal that closed his toilsome pilgrimage of ninety years, consecrated from early manhood to the service of his divine Lord! how joyfully was sped his flight to once more recline his weary head, silvered now with the frosts of age, on that adorable bosom where had been so often soothed his every sorrow!

From the representations of the early painters, we have in our minds, generally, a model of St. John as a fair and beautiful youth with luxuriant flowing locks. And it is thus that we love to regard him; to us he is a being of angelic comeliness. Such, in spirit, he remained until the end of his life. St. John seemed to be baptized with the

fire of love; not a mere sentimental emotion, but a vital, living principle. In sublimity he soars far above the other evangelists; for while they begin by tracing the human lineage of our Lord, he at once opens with His essential Divinity. "Little children, love one another,"—often, when age and feebleness precluded his saying more to his beloved flock at Ephesus,—was the simple sentence that constituted his entire sermon. Perhaps the nearest assimilation in character, apart from inspiration—to the seraphic sweetness of John, was that of the distinguished Fletcher of Madeley, who seemed, even while on earth, to dwell in heaven. What supreme bliss must such sympathetic souls enjoy together to all eternity! May we, the bewildering labyrinths of this world traversed, be so happy as to roam with our loved ones the green delicious meads of the Paradise of God! May we, worn wayfarers, the darkness of sin and of the grave forever past, be permitted to bask in the refulgence of the true light that shineth forever, and irradiates with its fadeless beams the immortal regions! Said a gifted young American artist, when dying, not long since, at Florence, "I am journeying to a strange country, but oh, how beautiful!" and expired, humming a favorite Spanish melody.

"These flowers are very beautiful," said another young artist, to one, who, the day before his departure hence brought him some winter roses; "but I am going to a country where the flowers never fade." And a third young son of genius whispered to me when the power of swallowing had failed him, "I am thirsty; the waters of life will be so sweet." But a very brief space elapsed ere the Shepherd Divine was leading him through green pastures and by the still waters.

O blessed, thrice blessed hour! when, the dream of life with its manifold fluctuations all over, its pains, sorrows, and disappointments forever vanished away, we behold the Eternal City, all iridescent with gems and burnished gold! When, advancing to hail us with glad welcomes, we espy the dear ones, whom here below, with swelling hearts and many a bitter lamentation, we consigned to the tomb! Sing aloud, dumb heart! cease thy moan, sad spirit! that moment alone of transport will suffice to recompense thee for ages of earth-born grief! Light Supreme, so guide us through this darksome wild, "that through the grave, and gate of death," we may, in the Great Day of Harvest Home, "pass to our joyful resurrection!"

A. B. G.

The Blest Realities.

Y sky's unveiled ;
My saints' sweet home bursts on my
ravish'd sight ;
I see it, and my eye, unsealed,
Turns towards its holy light.

'Tis not a dream,
But 'tis a bright and blessed reality ;
Its brilliant glories o'er me gleam ;
My vision's clear and free.

The conflict's o'er ;
And the fierce, fiery, hard-won fight is past ;
My vanquish'd foes will rise no more ;
The victory's gained at last.

The night is gone ;
The deepening shadows all forever fled,
And the blest light of that clear sun
Now shineth on my head.

I'm basking now
In light that never beamed on mortal eye ;

Ambrosial zephyrs fan my brow ;
Sweet fields before me lie.

Oh, this is bliss !
I tread upon Immanuel's promised land ;
Forms of unrivalled loveliness
Around me smiling stand.

I hear the sound
Of voices blending in angelic strains ;
And the sweet cadence wafted round,
Rolls o'er the heavenly plains.

My spirit thrills
With holy rapture never felt before,
And peace my ransomed being fills,
That floweth evermore.

Jerusalem is here—
Oh, how its burnish'd courts do shine !
Glittering with beauty, gems most clear,
And pearls—and all is mine !

And this is heaven !
Long, long lost friends are coming at my call ;
Eternal life to me is given,
And God is all in all.

The Vision of the Dying.



LATE young gentleman, of Pittsburg, remarked, when he was dying, "Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with a chastened faith to a calm death-bed. In his progress through ordinary life, the vapors that float in the mental atmosphere render the vision imperfect, and he cannot see afar off; but as he draws near eternity, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and the serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, its glad waters kissing the footsteps of the throne of God; the glories of the new world grow brighter and brighter upon him. With Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of His Father; and as he dwells with rapture on those enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery

grow dim about him, and, like Elisha's servant at the gate of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, come to take him up over the everlasting hills in the chariot of the Lord.

Vt. Chron.

The Better Land.



Y GOD, I love to meditate on Thee—
To think upon Thy works, Thy words,
Thy ways ;
And in another world my work shall be
To bless Thy name, to dwell upon Thy
praise.

I love to think upon that world of light
Where Jesus reigns—that better world above,
Where faith and hope are perfected in sight ;
Where Thou art known in truth and served in
love.

The surges beat not on that happy shore ;
No wave of sorrow there shall ever rise ;
For sin in all its forms is known no more,
And death, with all its power, forever dies.
Mortality's sad tears have ceased to flow ;
Tumultuous passions and corroding care,
With all that agitates this scene below,
Can to no bosom find admission there.

There all is righteousness, and peace, and joy ;

Those who have labored enter into rest—

A rest no-adversary shall destroy,

No enemy shall enter to molest.

Rich, incorruptible, and undefiled,

Is that inheritance so freely given

To every one, who, as a little child,

Has humbly sought and walk'd the way to
heaven:

One Blessed Spirit binds the happy band,

Whose fêet, while here, in faith and patience trod
The narrow way to that delightful land—

It is the Spirit of the Lord their God.

Perfect in knowledge, they behold Thy face,

Thou God of Truth, in glory, and adore ;

Perfect in love with Thee, the God of grace,

And with each other, one forevermore.

Pure is their light, refulgent, yet serene ;

The cheering atmosphere they breathe on high ;

No shade of gloom shall ever intervene,

To darken over their unclouded sky.


O h, blessed hope of everlasting life !

My soul's anticipation day by day ;

Will from this changing world and all its strife,

To that far better world she soars away.

The Forest Funeral.

 HE was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she startled slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

“I know that my Redeemer liveth,” said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of the Æolian harp. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a very few words of the like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice—

“Father, I am cold—lie down beside me;” and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, “Dear father, dear father!”

“My child,” said the man, “doth the flood seem deep to thee?”

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me—her voice, too, father, oh, I heard it then."

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold, cold—cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!"

Sabbath evening came, and a slow, sad procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There, with simple rites, the good clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in

reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured and the birds sung, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left—for I always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth—and, with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the Temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the Temple of God on high.

The Land which no Mortal may know.

THOUGH Earth has full many a beautiful
spot,
As a poet or painter might show ;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and
bright,

To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad
sight,

Is the Land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from
the throne,

Flows on, and forever will flow ;

Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,

And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,

In the Land which no mortal may know.

And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,

With its fruits healing sickness and woe,

The fair Tree of Life ! in its glory and pride,

Is fed by the deep, inexhaustible tide,

On the Land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost! whom we lov'd on this
earth,

With those mem'ries our bosoms yet glow;
Their reliques we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the Land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of Night, and the fountain of
Day,

Nor beauty nor splendor bestow;
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I AM!
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb!
Light the Land which no mortal may know.

Oh, who must but pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go;
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the Land which no mortal may know.


BERNARD BARTON.

Longing for the Heavenly City.

LET us advance on the way of life, and return to the heavenly city, where we shall be fellow-citizens, and of the household of God. Let us gaze on its glory so far as we can with mortal vision. It stands written of it, that sorrow and sighing shall flee away. There is no age, nor toil of age, for all have come to the stature of perfect men in Christ. What can be happier than such a life, where there is no poverty to fear, no sickness to suffer, where no one will hurt, none is angry, no impure passion excites, no hunger gnaws, no ambition torments, no devil terrifies, no hell threatens? Evil and strife are far away. Peace and joy evermore reign. The night is far spent, the clouds scatter, an illustrious day is breaking, for that city needs no sun, nor moon, but the glory of the Lord shall enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light of it. Why do we not hasten in faith and love to our native land? A great multitude there awaits us. What joy, what

jubilee for them and for us, when we can again see and embrace them! Well, then, let us look unto Christ. He is the Author of Salvation, and Prince of light; the Source of joy.

The Martyr's Requiem.

ROTHER, thou art gone before us, and thy
saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and
sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh, and from
care and fear releas'd,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and borne
the heavy load,

But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach
His blest abode,

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his
Father's breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith
assail,

Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ, and the Holy
Spirit, fail,

And now thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on
earth thou lovest best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,” the solemn
priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy
narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faith-
ful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou
hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome
find :
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glori-
ous guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest !

REV. DR. MILMAN.

Preparation for Death. .

WHEN you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that new day as your last, and live accordingly.

Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be easily dropped when death comes to carry-you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle: when the fruit is ripe it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us.

BURTON.

SARDONYX.

Philip.

Love.

“Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.”

THE SARDONYX is the precious stone of the fifth foundation of the Paradise of God, where it bears the name of Philip. The onyx, a gem translucent, derived its appellation from the finger-nail, which it resembles, being of a pale red with white zones. The prefix, sard, may denote either an admixture of the sardius, or its native country, Sardis, a city of Asia. In ascribing to this gem the interpretation LOVE, I have been guided by the perfect character of Joseph, whose name it bore on the Breast-Plate, the most generous and affectionate mortal who ever rendered immortal the title of brother. That the onyx, which is sometimes also called the banded agate, was very highly valued, is obvious from the sacred purposes to which it was dedicated. Besides occupying the eleventh place upon the Breast-Plate, of this gem were also made the two

large buttons or brooches set in sockets of gold and engraven with the names of the twelve sons of Jacob, which were fastened on the shoulders of Aaron's priestly robe. As has been previously observed, these poetical significations of the precious stones under consideration, are not offered as positive deductions from either Holy Writ, or the opinions of Commentators ; but as inferences drawn from their own qualities and those of the personages whom they typify. Analogies, however ingenious we must be wary of carrying too far, lest we infringe upon sacred boundaries, and a laudable spirit of inquiry degenerate into unwarrantable conceits ;—but, amid the towering palm-trees and spreading cedars of Scripture truth, does it appear amiss or irreverent, that its minor objects of revelation—its fragrant incense—its resounding harmonies—its lovely flowerets, and resplendent gems, should be viewed as the beautiful clouds, and airs, and blossoms, and jewels, that intermingle with and decorate their branches? If so, perish every such fanciful imagination! But I cannot deem these meditations, or any other that tend to celestialize the mind, unlawful.

Love is the brightest of all the fair sisterhood of graces. Love is the fountain undefiled, whence

flow all pleasant waters. Love is a never-failing spring of contentment both to its minister and to its receiver. "God is love," saith John; and the testimony of Paul is: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity" (love). Love to the person of Christ, the altogether lovely, more than a clear conviction of His Divine mission, appears to have actuated many of the disciples in following Him; nor until after His Resurrection and Ascension, were their minds fully established in respect to the real nature of His Kingdom and Reign. "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us," said St. Philip; and we marvel much at the obtuseness manifested by this man who had been witness of so many signs and wonders. From our hearts the petition is one that may with perfect propriety arise. As Jesus Christ promises that upon him who overcometh the world, He will write the name of His God, the name of the city of His God, and His own new name—all genuine believers may be considered as sealed with the mystical characters which adorn the gems of the Upper Zion. "His name shall be in their foreheads." Are we marked? One with Love, another with Humility, another with Heavenly-Mindedness, another with

Truth? do we each bear a divine hieroglyph? If not, let us implore Him, the radiant guiding-star of Love, that, ere the going down of the sun, He seal us with His royal signet. And thus, when the heavens wax old, and are folded up as a vesture, we shall be exulting in Love Divine amid the shining ranks of the Blessed!

A. B. G.

Reply of the Messenger Bird.

I'VE come, I've come, from the spirit's land,
And a treasured song is mine;
I bear for the wounded heart a balm,
And a joy for those that pine.

The friends that ye bade on earth "good bye,"
With cheeks so pale and wan,
They are there in the light of a cloudless sky,
And their all of grief is done.

The chieftain that left his bow unstrung,
The sage with his locks of snow,
And the maid whose voice like the nightbird's rung,
In its plaintiveness of woe;

And the youth with the laughing eye is there,
And the mother who left her babe
Swinging to and fro in the summer air,
Beneath the sycamore's shade.

They sit on the banks where the bright flowers
gleam,

And they dream not of toil nor pain ;
For they've drank of the fount with the golden
stream ;

They have drank—and are young again.

And they bade me speed with my glittering wing,
From the realm of the nightless day,
To the dim old groves where they loved to sing,
And thus to the mourning say :

We tune our harps by the bright blue streams,
That lave on a gem-clad shore ;
And our lives are sweet as an infant's dreams,
And we sigh not, nor weep we more.

We are changed from the sick and the sad of earth,
To a band that know not care ;
But our hearts still yearn toward our native hearth,
And the friends we loved while there.

We watch ye, friends, when the night-winds breath
Lies hushed over moor and hill :
For love extends past the bourne of death—
We have loved and we love ye still.

We are there unseen by the home-fire's blaze,
As our tales ye repeat again :
When ye sing the song of other days—
We are there, and we bless ye then.

And we hover o'er when the hour of prayer
Comes on, at the close of even—
Midst the hallowed family band we're there,
And we bear those prayers to Heaven.


EDWARD YOUNG, Esq.

Recognition in Heaven.

I MUST confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and, consequently, never love them after this life is ended, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but now I delightfully converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven and love them with a heavenly love.

BAXTER.

A Voice from Heaven.

 SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow,
Through the shadows of death my feet have
trod,

I reign in glory now ;
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band,
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand ;
I have learn'd the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring,
With my new-born melody.


No sins, no griefs, no pains,
Safe in my happy home,

My fears all fled, my foes all slain,
My hour of triumph come;
Oh, friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true !
Ye are walking still through the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Ah, no !
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again ;
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's eclectic flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do you weep, when the raging voice of war,
Or the storms of conflict die ?
Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in Heaven !

“That One Single Verse.”

N old negro in the West Indies, residing at a considerable distance from the missionary, but exceedingly desirous of learning to read the Bible, came to him regularly for a lesson. He made but little progress, and his teacher, almost disheartened, intimated his fears that his labors would be lost, and asked him, “Had you not better give it over?” “No massa,” said he, with great energy, “Me never give it over till me die;” and, pointing with his finger to John, third chapter, and sixteenth verse: “God so loved the world,” etc., added, with touching emphasis: “It is worth all de labor to be able to read dat one single verse.”

The Loved and Gone.

OW could they tell me she was dead,
With such a calm cold tone,
She whom I loved beyond my life,
My precious one, my own?
And yet they did not know that she,
The lost one, was so dear to me.

I heard it with a pale, calm cheek,
No tear was in my eye;
I could not bear that men should look
Upon my agony;
And so I coldly turned away,
Almost as carelessly as they.

I wonder if they've planted flowers
Above her early bed—
I wonder if the mourning tree
Sighs sadly o'er her head;
Or if kind friends are there to weep,
Above her calm and dreamless sleep.

And who were near to lay their hands
Upon her burning brow,
And speak those words of hope and cheer
That would be mock'ry now?
Or point her feeble faith to Thee,
Thou who wast slain on Calvary?

I know not if they've planted flowers
Above her earthly bed;
I know not if the mourning tree
Sighs sadly o'er her head;
Or if kind friends are there to weep
Above her calm and dreamless sleep.

But in my heart there was a fount
Of bitter, gushing woe;
I sought to be alone, that tears
From my sad eyes should flow;
But tears—the tide of lesser grief,
Refused to lend their calm relief.

She was so dear to me—so good,
So beautiful and fair—
With her kind eyes and pleasant smile,
And her soft waving hair!
And she to die, nor I be there
To listen to her latest prayer!

I only know that I am sad,
So desolate and lone :
The world has such a weary look,
And such an altered tone !
And yet I feel how worse than vain,
The wish to call her back again.

I know that mine's a selfish grief,
For she is happy now ;
The stamp of immortality
Is on her angel brow.
*Yet still my heart keeps sighing on,
And asking for the loved and gone.*

Love Divine.

HE, the Blessed and All-glorious Deity, whose presence is joy, and bliss, and Heaven, shall be the Life, the Light, the Praise of the New Jerusalem, and all its divine inhabitants! Love shall reign triumphant in every heart; every pure and celestial desire shall be gratified to the full; every holy and devout affection shall find its adequate supply; and, one uninterrupted scene of happiness, serenity, and comfort, shall smile eternally, and eternally be found; where the harps of ten thousand times ten thousand shall ceaselessly hymn the Father of Mercies, and the Lamb who sitteth on the throne forever and ever.

DR. DODD.

The Star of Love.



Y SAVIOUR, can I follow thee,
When all is dark before ;
While midnight rests upon the sea,
How can I reach the shore ?

Oh, let thy Star of Love but shine,
Though with a feeble ray ;
'Twill gild the edge of every wave,
And light my gloomy way.

Then gladly will I follow Thee,
Though hurricanes appear ;
Singing sweet carols o'er the sea,
A cheerful mariner.

The Grandeur of Praise.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went into the Mount of Olives."



MUSIC in the Christian Church dates from Passion Week, when the Saviour himself sung a hymn with his disciples the night preceding his crucifixion. There is no doubt that they sung one of the Psalms of David, as they had been accustomed to do in the synagogue; and perchance it was one of those very ones relating to Him who was now about to be offered up in fulfillment of prophecy. No other words than the plain Psalms were introduced into the church until after the lapse of several centuries. With them were celebrated the victories of Constantine, and all other grand occasions. Sacred song was a source of delight and solace to the early Christians. Martyrs have sung amid the flames, and, in the height of their most exquisite agonies, the chords of their spirits have vibrated to the

seraphic anthems of Paradise. What a graphic expression is that of St. Ambrose :

“The noble army of martyrs praise Thee !”

for who so worthy to pour forth songs of adoration and triumph as they “who had come through great tribulation !” What dread of their persecutors could repress the glowing strains of the devoted Vaudois, when, amid hunger, cold, and desolation, they meet to worship the living Jehovah, although the myrmidons of Rome, like hungry wolves, were on their track, even to their mountain fastnesses ? Or the Scottish Covenanters, whose hymns oftentimes betrayed to the enemy their hiding-places ? Their music was with them a religious duty, and it ceased but with their lives. Ceased ? No ; it only paused on earth to be resumed in loftier, sweeter strains above. Many persons, in the hour of death, when the power of language had long failed, have given vent to their ecstasy in exultant melodies, as if in echo to the “seraph’s sweet song.” One young lady, whose voice during several hours preceding dissolution, had been entirely hushed, just as her eyes were closing forever on all below, sung distinctly these touching lines :

"There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast."

What a beautiful valedictory to earth !

"It is well becoming that melody be poured forth when a redeemed spirit is pluming its wings, ready to depart." There is an affecting circumstance related of a lovely young girl, sister-in-law of the celebrated Sheridan, who was called hence in early youth just before the time appointed for her debut as a public singer. A short time prior to her departure, she raised herself up in the bed, and with momentary and surprising animation sung a part of the aria, "I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH." Exhausted by the effort, she sunk into the arms of her attendant, and shortly afterwards breathed her last.

A. B. GARRETT.

A Thought of the Departed.

"We all will meet again."



WITH the blessed hope of everlasting life,
To buoy and bear the sinking spirit
up;

Who would not bravely brook time's
sternest strife,

And drain the deepest dregs of sorrow's cup?
In this transporting trust, bright through the mist
of tears,

I see the vista ope of heaven's supernal years.

The garden of my soul, from its fair banks,
Once rich in flowers and fragrance fresh and
bright,

Where love and beauty graced the stately ranks,
And wooed the heart to dalliance of de-
light;—

From this charmed haunt of peace, like meteor-
stars away,

I've seen each glory fall, and droop into decay.

“We all will meet again!”—the parting words
Traced by thy faltering hand; while thy calm
smile
Gave token none of death, nor that the chords
Thrilling thy heart’s strings—heart so free of
guile—
Were by dark Azrael struck. This precious
legacy,
In my sad heart, beloved, treasured for aye shall be.

“We all will meet again!”—how could we deem
Midway thy feet were then in Jordan’s flood?
E’en then;—though in thy bearing naught did
seem
To note the sudden call to meet thy God.
This thy adieu to time—this prophecy of love,
As earnest I embrace of joys assured above.

To meet again! Oh, hope serene and high,
Quickening the soul to rapture! ’neath that
dome
Lit by the Godhead’s glory; where no sigh
E’er grieves the echo, dearest, be our home!
And ours to meet and mingle with the ransomed
throng,
Who, robed in light, their King extol in swelling
song.

“We all will meet again!” ’neath the green
mould

That wraps our kindred—may our ashes blend
In peaceful sleep; till the world, waxen old
And ripe for harvest, totters to its end:
Not such the meeting pictured by my longing
heart,
Not such; my thoughts rush on till life from death
shall start.

“We all will meet again!” when the loud trump
To judgment summons all the slumbering host;
When the Judge, shrined in heaven’s tremendous
pomp,
Cites to His bar the rescued and the lost!
Shall we His smile receive, the benison of the blest,
And hear the welcome words “enter into my rest?”

“We all will meet again!” as sinners saved,
And clad in robes of Christ—his Righteous-
ness,
All clean and white, in His free fountain laved?
Be ours, such radiant resurrection dress!
Were not my trust to greet thee on that halcyon
shore,
Dear heart, this soul were stricken, grief could do
no more.

“We all will meet again!” by the blue stream
That murmurs music through the perfumed
street?

Strong in such hallowed hope, my every dream
In pain, in trial, life, or death were sweet.
Shall we thus meet, beloved, no parting more to
prove,
Where every sound is euphony and look is love?

To meet within those walls of gorgeous blaze,
That forum paved with gold and crystal
clear,
Those gates of purest pearl, whose softer rays
Ne’er daze the eyes undimmed by time or
tear;
Where bloom the golden fruits—where sparkles
purple wine;
For such immortal fare who would not earth re-
sign?

To meet again! where fond affection’s ties
No more shall sundrance dread; nor warm
lips chill;
Nor blushing cheeks know blight; nor from dear
eyes
The love-light fade away; nor pulse grow still;

Oh, plains of matchless bliss! oh, summits
crowned with peace!
Shall we all muster there, where sorrows ever
cease?

Memory and Hope, twin gifts of buried Love,
'Twixt which the heart vibrates! withouten
these
Life were a voiceless void ;—nor from above
One star would shine ; no retrospection please ;
Memory chaunts requiem for the pleasance passed
away,
And holy Hope points smiling to eternal day.

Master, Ah Christ ! who, through the darksome
grave
And gate of Death, Thy throne didst reas-
sume—
Pleading Thy Passion, cry we, save, oh, save
Us, and all ours, in the dread Day of Doom !
Leaning on Thee, our Staff—so will we meet again,
Singing the saints' sweet song ; Amen, good Lord,
Amen !


AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

Sardius.

Bartholomew.

Humility.

“Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel.”

HE SARDIUS, or cornelian, is the precious stone of the sixth foundation of the heavenly Eden, where it is sealed with the name of Bartholomew. This familiar red stone, styled by mineralogists, from its resemblance to bleeding flesh, the *carneolus*, was considered to be singularly efficacious in healing various diseases; and was also held in great repute for seals and ornaments, on account of its susceptibility of receiving a beautiful polish, and its excellent solidity, which rendered it a good subject for the burin of the artist. Many of the finest specimens of antique seals and medallions are made of this gem. It is considered by an author, whom there is no reason to dispute, the emblem of HUMILITY; and his opinion is founded principally on the history of Reuben, to whom it appertained on the Breast-Plate, and partly on the eminent and

rare qualities tradition ascribes to the stone. The cornelian is placed in pleasing contrast to its neighbors; on the one side, the pale and elegant sardonyx, and on the other, the brilliant diamond, flashing its exuberant glories on all around. Humility supported by Love and Truth. Red is the color of salvation, and to the affecting humility and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, we owe our redemption from eternal ruin, and our only hope of heaven.

The Confession of Faith uttered by St. Bartholomew—otherwise called Nathaniel, the man in whom was no guile—when the Saviour was made known to him, was spontaneous and emphatic: “Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel!”

How suggestive of our humanity is the cornelian in its resemblance to ensanguined flesh! and what an eloquent type of our often-recurring trials, and oftentimes pierced hearts! Very consoling in the hour of the spirit’s desolateness is the conviction that we have a Divine sympathizer, one who is “touched with a feeling of our infirmities;” for, verily, a voluntary partaker therein, “He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;” truly,

“He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.” The mother-grace, humility, is the fittest ornament for those who profess to be disciples of Him who was “meek and lowly of heart.” Says an old Quaker poet:

“Humility the spring of virtue is ;
Humbling thyself, virtue thou canst not miss.”

Humility, like the modest violet, seeks the shade, and loves to nestle within a sheltered covert. Yet, not inactive or selfish through the plenitude of its own content, it joys to contribute to the general welfare, and sends forth, on each passing breeze, its sweet and salutary influences. An humble sphere is ever the most conducive to the attainment of heavenly greatness. Good Mr. Flavel writes: “How dreadful was the situation of Pius Quintus, who died crying out despairingly, ‘When I was in a low condition, I had some hopes of Salvation; when I was advanced to be a cardinal, I greatly doubted; but since I came to the popedom, I have no hope at all!’” He that humbleth himself shall be exalted—and to what exaltation shall arrive the humble soul, when, within hail of the mighty battlements of Zion, he beholds her shining walls and sparkling turrets, and receives at the hand of her

Monarch, the snow-white robe and starry crown,
and hears His voice, saying, in tones of incomparable melody, "*Come ye Blessed of my Father!*"


Ah, Salem, Salem, Home of the Blest! when we
contemplate thy glories, faintly as they are pictured
to us by the inspired Apostle, our hearts cannot repress the cry,

"Would God that we were there!"

A. B. G.

“Only Waiting.”

A very aged man, in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing?—He replied, “Only Waiting.”

 ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day ;
Till the stars of Heaven are breaking,
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.


How to be Happy.

R. PAYSON, in a letter to a young clergyman, says: "Some time since, I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves.

Two of these characters agreed in remarking that they were never happy until they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us, when Heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once that the most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by an unwillingness to be the nothing which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw, if I would but cease struggling, and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention this as a new discovery. In one sense it was not new. I had known it for years. But I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it, and consented to it; and I am compara-

tively happy. My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too."

Longings for Home.

 HE glories of my Father's land,
Wake many a keen desire—
Its realms of ether, broad and deep,
Its orbs of sacred fire;
Its climate ever purely bright,
Its halls and harps of gold,
Its people free from guilt and death,
Its joys which grow not old.

Ye radiant hosts, that strictly keep
Your ceaseless watch on high,
Walking in fair and holy ranks,
The wide and azure sky,
Behold one form'd to climb and range
Those fields of stainless blue;
Support one worn by strife and pain,
Far off from Heaven and you.

Yet know that He, who cares for all,
And rules by laws divine,
Who bids me toil in grief and gloom,
While ye rejoice and shine,

Has said that meek and steadfast faith,
His choicest gifts insures :—
A Christian's place and state with Him
Shall more than equal yours.

Be mine the green and dewy turf—
The turf which wraps the dead,
With trees and flowers to wave and bloom
Above my last low bed.
I fain would leave this weary world :—
Dwellers in yon starr'd dome,
Bend earthward from your shining seats,
And take an exile home.

REV. J. G. LYONS, LL.D.

(Suggested by an Ode of Casimir Śarbielewski.)

The Blessed Home.


HOME! To be at home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field. Where the palm-tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy; a far-away home lies upon his heart; and borne upon the wings of fancy, over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away to home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired boy-brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home, his own sinless home, a home with his Father above that starry sky, will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him; the world is full of suffering; he is distressed by its sorrows, and vexed with its sins. He looks within him; he finds much in his own

corruptions to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, vexed, he often turns his eye upward, saying, "I would not live here always; no, not for all the gold of the world's mines; not for all the pearls of her seas; not for all the pleasures of her flashy, frothy cup; not for all the crowns of her kingdoms, would I live here always." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows, or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pluming his wing for the hour of his flight to glory.

GUTHRIE.

The Pilgrim's Farewell to the World.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

AREWELL, poor world ! I must be gone ;
Thou art no home, no rest for me :
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world may see.

Why art thou loath, my heart ? Oh why
Dost thou recoil within my breast ?
Grieve not, but say, farewell, and fly
Unto the ark, my dove ! there's rest.

I come, my Lord, a pilgrim's pace ;
Weary and weak, I slowly move ;
Longing, but can't yet reach the place,—
The gladsome place of rest above.

I come, my Lord ; the floods here rise,
These troubled seas foam naught but mire ;
My dove back to my bosom flies :
Farewell, poor world !—Heaven's my desire.


"Stay, stay," said Earth ; " Whither, fond one ?
Here's a fair world, what wouldst thou have ?"
Fair world ! oh no, thy beauty's gone,
A heavenly Canaan, Lord, I crave.

Thus th'ancient travellers—thus they,
Weary of earth, sighed after Thee :
They're gone before—I may not stay,
Till I both Thee and them may see.

Put on, my soul, put on with speed !
Though the way be long, the end is sweet :
Once more, poor world, farewell indeed !
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.


[These pious and beautiful lines are from a very scarce old book, "The Young Man's Calling," London, 1683. The excellent Bishop Ken was living at that time, and they are so much in his spirit, that it is not improbable they are by him.]

Heaven a Place for those who have not succeeded
upon Earth.

 CONFESS that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that “the world knows nothing of its greatest men,” but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which “die and make no sign;” there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Reverie in a Forest of North Carolina.

N the wild, still woods I love to stray,
When the autumn leaves are passing away—
When my spirit droops in desponding mood,
And, sick of this world, would commune with
its God.

On the tall strong Oak I love to look,
And watch its leaves as they fall in the brook ;
As shorn of their glories and doomed to decay,
Afar on its bosom they eddy away ;
On the crimson glow of the Maple tree,
And the golden sheen of the Hickory ;
On the thorny Holly's emerald hue,
And the delicate tints of the mournful Yew.
As I gaze on these with my artist eye,
I would I might win the deep mystery,
Of Nature's palette and pencilling fair
When she tinted each leaflet a gem thus rare.

And I love to list the moaning breeze
As its harmonies float through the dark Pine trees ;

Oh ! it soothes my soul like the whispered song,
Or the distant chant of a seraph throng.
But I shuddering start at the rustling sound
Of the Poplar leaf as it whirls to the ground ;
For it brings to my mind the rattling breath
That the strong man draws ere he sinks in death.

And oft down the valley I lonely rove,
And wander away to the Laurel grove ;
And sit me adown by the rivulet's brim,
While my heart echoes nature's sweet vesper hymn.

And here, while the sere leaves around me fall,
And night mantles o'er me her mystic pall ;
As in silence I muse on some moss-grown stone,
And ask my sad heart if indeed I'm alone :—
There comes on the night-wind a whispered reply,
And it bids me loök up to the star-gemmed sky ;
And, adoring, I feel though no mortal is near,
I am not alone, for Jehovah is here !

J. W. B. GARRETT.

(Suggested by the words of an Arabian traveller.)

Simplicity of Faith,

THE late King of Sweden was greatly exercised upon the subject of faith sometime previous to his death. A peasant being once on a particular occasion admitted to his presence, the king, knowing him to be a person of singular piety, asked him what he took to be the true nature of faith. The peasant entered deeply into the subject, and much to the king's comfort and satisfaction. The king, at last, on his death-bed, had a return of his doubts and fears as to the safety of his soul, and still the same question was perpetually in his mouth to those about him, "What is real faith?" His attendants advised him to send for the Archbishop of Upsal, who, coming to his bedside, began, in a learned and logical manner to enter into the scholastic definition of faith. The prelate's disquisition lasted an hour. When he had done, the king said with much energy: "All this is ingenious, but not comfortable; it is not what I want. Nothing but the *farmer's faith* will do for me."

The New Jerusalem.

HERE on my gaze what dazzling visions
burst!
A new creation rising ; past the first ;
New heavens, and heaven-like earth ; where
sea no more

Severs, intrusive, shore from kindred shore !
And there, refulgent as a peerless bride,
On the glad spousal morning beautified,
For her loved lord ; from opening heaven she came,
That holy city, New Jerusalem !
And hark, what voice shouts with exulting swell,—
“ God with his people, God himself will dwell ;
Will be their present God, and they his Israël !
He wipes all tears forever from their eyes ;
Pain is no more, and Death for ever dies.”

* * * * *

There walls of chrysolite and ruby blaze ;
There battlements of jasper charm the gaze ;
While beryl, sardonyx, and topaz, blend their
rays !

And gates of massive pearl, like silver, gleam ;
And streets of gold, like glass, transparent beam ;
And sapphire, emerald, and amethyst unite
Their exquisite diversities of light !
No temple there around, no sun above ;
All sun, all temple there, where all is God and
Love !


REV. THOMAS GRINFIELD. A. M.

Chrysolite.

Matthew.

Truth.

"Follow me. And he arose and followed him."

HE CHRYSOLITE is the precious stone of the seventh foundation of the City of Saints, where it bears the name of Matthew. In Exodus, instead of chrysolite, we find the word, diamond ; which variation may easily be accounted for by the fact that the general title of chrysolite was applied to any gem in which was prevalent a golden or yellowish hue ; and this is the case with many of the oriental diamonds. Indeed, some mineralogists affirm that the unmixed white gem was, in all probability, very rare in olden times. As the white were the most prized and costly, we must assume that none other would be selected to grace, in figure, this glorious edifice. The most valuable of all precious stones from its hardness, transparency, and dazzling brilliancy, the diamond, sometimes also called the adamant, seems to be most worthy to symbolize TRUTH, in its

several phases of innocency, courage, fidelity, and integrity. As the diamond is powerful in reducing, polishing, and impressing other hard substances, so is truth invincible in conquering the most obdurate heart; and as it shines in quenchless radiance even amid the obscurity of the mine, so, in like manner, does illustrious truth, with its inspired coruscations, illuminate the darkest regions.

In imitation, unquestionably, of the Jewish High Priest, Diodorus Siculus relates, that the chief judge among the Egyptians "did carry about his neck an image, or zodiac of precious stones hanging on a golden chain, which was called Truth." And another old writer asserts that the Egyptian chief priest wore an image about his neck of the sapphire stone, which was called Truth.


Of Saint Matthew, the man so highly honored in having dedicated to his name the most lustrous and magnificent of the stones of fire, there is no phrase recorded by either of the Evangelists. In his own gospel, the earliest written, and also the most minute and comprehensive of the four, he, with an admirable modesty, sums up his personal history in the brief sentence cited at the head of this chapter. Luke makes of him the additional

record, that, at the gracious invitation of the Redeemer, "*He left all*, rose up, and followed Him." An honorable testimony! He manifested his love of truth in renouncing all for His sake, who was of truth the embodiment. Without lingering to confer with flesh and blood, without consulting worldly issues, without seeking counsel of friends and kindred—no sooner did the future apostle, evangelist, and martyr, recognize in the august lineaments before him, the Shiloh, the King of Glory, than, filled with holy faith, he hastened to obey the Divine call. From that auspicious moment, the soul of Levi clave unto his master with a deathless devotion. If we view the foundations of the city as rising one above another, the cornelian and diamond, red and white, are the central stones. May not this circumstance denote that the salvation of Christ, and the purity and indestructibility of His Kingdom, should be the great central objects of all our thoughts and aspirations—the blent focus that should attract and rivet our undeviating gaze? White is the established emblem of innocence, and the redeemed are represented as being clad in white vestures. Unto him that overcometh, Christ promises to give "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." Happy,

happy they, who have already arrived in the blissful haven, and now behold the King in His beauty! who have already awakened in His likeness, and are satisfied! Sweet home, we languish for thee, and to receive of thy robes of unsullied whiteness, free from any vestige of sin. Shall we, aweary and sorrow-stained, ever pass through those pearly doors and courts of peerless splendor, and sit down, clad in the Wedding-garment of Righteousness, to the marriage-supper of the Lamb and His Redeemed?

A. B. G.

The Truth of God.

 DAILY wrestled with my foe,
But wrestling still increased my woe;
I rarely could get ground,
Or 'scape without a wound:
Hell and the flattering world combined
With the propensions of my carnal mind.

To God I daily sent my cries,
Of heavenly aid to gain supplies;
My prayer, my sigh, my groan,
Ne'er reached, I fear, the throne;
Yet God's veracity relieved
My troubled spirit when I most was grieved.

My God, my God, with tears I spake,
Ah, will Thy pity me forsake!
I oft Thy promise plead
To help in time of need;
In time of need I long have prayed:
Ah, Lord! why is Thy promise long delay'd?

My spirit here my sorrow check'd,
Bade me Thy own good time expect;
Thou best, my God, dost know
Thy gifts when to bestow;
Like Simon, then, I acquiesced,
Yet lived in patient languor to be blest.

Dear Lord, I, on a sudden, felt
My spirit into sweetness melt;
What joys were in my breast
Can never be express'd;
Thou, Lord, art true, most true, I find,
And Thou, in gracious rays, hast on me shin'd.

Thy promises of hearing prayer,
Of pardon, and paternal care,
Of efficacious aids
When hell our soul invades,
Of bliss ecstatic, unconfin'd
Of Thy good Spirit dwelling in our mind,—

They all infallibly are true;
All are perform'd in seasons due:
My God, much sooner I
My thinking would deny,
Than of Thy gracious promise doubt—
The steady anchor of a soul devout.

- Thy promise, Lord, the more to bind,
• Thou hast Thy oath eternal join'd ;
 From both to saints below
 Strong consolations flow :
On both their humble hope they found,
In bliss supernal to be thron'd and crown'd.

Whene'er to God I have recourse,
And of a promise feel the force,
 Faith, which experience rears,
 So fixes, so endears,
That martyrs their high courage build
On certain sense of promises fulfilled.

Thy Truth, my God, Thy saints revere,
And learn of Thee to be sincere ;
 They with a heart entire,
 To love Divine aspire ;
And for probation of their zeal
To Thy Omniscience humbly make appeal.

In things below man seeks repose,
Whose sweetest joys are bitter'st woes ;
 Experiments he tries,
 Finds all to be but lies ;
His expectations they defeat ;
The world appears a universal cheat.

Souls who in God alone confide
Have truth essential for their guide;
 Illuminations clear
 To heaven their spirits steer;
The Godhead, full of truth and grace,
Deigns in our flesh to guide all human race.

Oh, may I study Jesus' law,
From fontal truth my knowledge draw!
 The Gospel, when I stray,
 Shews me the heavenward way:
The star had a less radiant light
Which led the Sages to their Saviour's sight.

Of all the truths which from Thee shine,
Lord, Thy philanthropy divine
 Next to my heart still lies;
 And turns my ghostly eyes
From all ill-natured schemes, design'd
To bound what thou hast to no bounds confin'd.

Praise to the God of Truth! may I
His word read, ponder, and apply!
 I may myself delude;
 Satan may lies intrude;
Thee only, Lord, I can believe,
Who nor canst be deceiv'd, nor me deceive.

BISHOP KEN.

Solemn Scenes that will Come.


THE very moment of your final farewell, if you are not previously cut short by death, which is a very possible thing, that moment will come, and old age will come, and the last sickness will come, and the dying-bed will come, and the last look you shall ever cast upon your relations will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you will be stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of your weeping relations will come, and the coffin that is to inclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that moment when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing of the earth upon it—all, all, will come on every living creature, who now hears me. And in a few little years, the minister who now addresses you, and each one who now listens, will be carried to their long home; now, all this will come; you may have been careless or heedless about these things.

formerly ; but, I call upon you now, to lay them seriously to heart, and no longer trifle, or to parley, when the scenes of life are thus set so evidently before you. What more shall I say ?—shall I carry you beyond the region of sense to the region of faith, and assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that when the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, the hour of the spirit's returning to God comes too ? Yes, and the day of reckoning will come ; and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His holy angels around him will come ; and the opening of the Books will come ; and the appearance of every one of you before the judgment-seat will come : and the solemn passing of the sentence which is to fix for Eternity, will come ; and if you refuse to be reconciled to God in the name of Christ, now that He is beseeching you to repent ; and, if you refuse to turn from the evil of your ways, and to be and to do, what your Saviour requires you to be and to do, I must tell you what the sentence is, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels !" To-day, then, while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts, seeing that *now* is the only accepted time, that you can count upon, and that *now* is the day of salvation.

DR. CHALMERS.

Fading.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

ADING, fading, all are fading—
No substantial thing is here:
Loved ones leave us—we are passing,
Passing to another sphere.

Beauty, with her custom'd smiling,
And her love-inspiring eye,
Fadeth, like the Day-god dying,
In the twilight summer sky.

Like to pilgrims, worn and weary,
Toil we on our weary way,
Through this night of life, while gazing
For the dawning of the day.

Like a stately pageant moving
Slowly o'er the trembling earth
Pass the ages, dim and hoary,
Bending all to scepter'd Death.

And the tread of valiant nations,
Thundering on in march sublime,
Leaves a faint, and fainter echo
In the crumbling halls of Time.

Yes, these bright majestic heavens,
In their nightly march proclaim,
We are passing, we are passing,
Unto nothing, whence we came.

But when, like a baseless vision,
All have faded thus away,
There is built a home eternal
For the weary pilgrim's stay.

On the Hill of God it standeth !
Rearing high its golden dome,
And the song comes swelling from it,
“ Welcome pilgrim, welcome home ! ”

The Way to Heaven.


O candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit, come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf, till, a few moments hence, I am no more seen. I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing—the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end He came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. Oh, give me that book! At any price, give me the book of God! I have it. Here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo unus libri*. Here, then, I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In His presence I open, I read this book, for this end—to find the way to heaven. Is there a

doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of Lights: Lord, is it not thy word, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God?" Thou "givest liberally, and upbraidest not." Thou hast said "If any be willing to do Thy will, he shall know." I am willing to do; let me know thy will. I then search after and consider parallel passages of the Scriptures, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." I meditate thereon, with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God; and then, the writings whereby, being dead, they yet speak.

WESLEY.

The Death-bed of Rutherford.

Rev. Samuel Rutherford, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Presbyterian cause in the seventeenth century. The Parliament of Scotland was about to proceed against him in 1661, when the persecutions of Charles the Second were just commencing; but Mr. Rutherford's death removed him from their jurisdiction. This worthy man died the very day before the Parliament passed the famous Reccessory Act.


 READ lightly through the darkened room,
 for a sick man lieth there,
 And 'mid the dimness only stirs the whis-
 pered breath of prayer,
 As anxious hearts take watch by turns be-
 side the lowly bed,
 Where sleep the awful stillness wears, that soon
 must wrap the dead.

Hours had he known of fevered pain; but now his
 rest is calm,
 As though upon the spirit worn, distilled some
 healing balm;

It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed words,
Or drinks once more the matin-songs of Anwoth's
"blessed birds."

Oh! green and fresh upon his soul those early
haunts arise;
His kirk! his home! his wild-wood walk! with all
their memories—
●The very rushing of the burn, by which so oft he
trod,
The while on eagle wings of faith his spirit met its
God!

A smile hath brightened on his lip—a light around
his brow;
Oh! surely, "words unspeakable," that dreamer
listeth now;
And glories of the upper sky his raptured senses
steep,
Blent with the whispers of His love, who gives
His loved ones sleep!

But hark! a sound! a tramp of horse! a loud,
harsh, wrangling din!
Oh! rudely on that dream of heaven this world
hath broken in;

In vain affection's earnest plea—the intruders
forward press,
And with a struggling spasm of pain, he wakes
to consciousness!

Strange lights are streaming through the room
—strange forms are round his bed,
Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and
sound of dread—

“False to thy country's honored laws, and to thy
sovereign lord,
I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou traitor,
Rutherford!”

Feebly the sick man raised his hand—his hand
so thin and pale,
And something in the hollow eye made that rude
speaker quail:

“Man! thou hast sped thine errand well!—yet it
is wasted breath,
Except the great ones of the earth can break my
tryst with death!”

“A few brief days, or briefer hours, and I am go-
ing home,
Unto mine own prepared place, where but few
great ones come!

And to the Judgment-seat of Him who sealed
me with His seal ;
'Gainst evil tongues and evil men I make my
last appeal !

“ A traitor was His name on earth ! a felon's
doom His fate !
Thrice welcome were my Master's cup, but it
hath come too late !
The summons of that Mightiest King, to whom
all kings must bow,
Is on me for an earlier day—is on me even now !

“ I hear ! I hear ! the chariot wheels that bring
my Saviour nigh :
For me He bears a golden crown—a harp of
melody ;
For me He opens wide His arms—He shows His
wounded side,
Lord ! 'tis my passport into life !—I live for
Thou hast died !”

They give his writings to the flames ; they brand
his grave with shame,
A hissing in the mouth of fools, became his hon-
ored name—

And darkness wraps awhile the land for which
 he prayed and strove;
But blessèd in the Lord his death—and blessed
 his rest above!

P.

Beryl.

Thomas.

Knowledge.

"My Lord and my God."

THE BERYL is the precious stone of the eighth foundation of the Glorified Home, where it is the ensign of Thomas. This admired gem is, in color, a delicate sea-green, tintured slightly with blue, and is of an exquisite vivid transparency. Sometimes it is interspersed with golden streaks, when it receives the prefix of chryso-beryl. Isadore of Seville, a savant of repute, has thought the term beryl to be but a modification of pearl; but, as the beryl is a well-authenticated gem, distinct, entirely, from the opaque, soft pearl, there is no reason whatever to dissent from the generally received idea. Kelly says that the word beryl is, in the original tongue, Tarshish, a term which in Scripture is frequently put figuratively for the sea; and, that thus considering its color and name in relation to the sea, it may appositely refer to Zebulon, of whom his father

Jacob said in blessing him, "Zebulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be an haven of ships." This reference to the sea may be the cause of the misconception. Here, anew, our admiration is awakened by the position of this stone—the attention to elegance of effect which fixed its station between the white crystal and the rich golden topaz, should elicit emotions of gratitude to Himward, the Architect Supreme! the Author of every glorious object, who deigns still to minister to the passion for beauty, which, in their state of pristine innocence, He implanted in the bosoms of our first parents! With reference to the signification of this precious stone, after much debating what meaning it were better to attach to it, I finally incline to KNOWLEDGE, chiefly because that, in the Book of Judges it is stated that "Out of Zebulon (came) they that handle the pen of the writer." The experience of Thomas, too, will render the interpretation more suitable.

"My Lord and my God!" exclaimed Saint Thomas, in an ecstasy of adoration, when Jesus revealed Himself, and invited him to dispel his dishonoring doubts by making a manual examination of His sacred person. The benediction pronounced on that memorable occasion, by Christ Jesus, has

descended, and shall continue to descend on every believing soul, from His Ascension, thenceforward, until the mighty angel shall proclaim Time to be no longer. Of Thomas, there is but little recorded in sacred history, but that little shows him to have been a person of somewhat singular temperament—at once incredulous and impulsive. Tradition declares that, during his sojourn in Persia, he met the very same Magi, who, at the Advent of our Saviour, had made the long journey to worship at His shrine; and that having baptized them, they accompanied him as fellow-laborers in his consecrated mission of spreading the Gospel.

Of Divine Knowledge, Job says: "It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold." Vain earthly wisdom, the mere knowledge of things that perish in the using, is but the counterfeit gem, whose transient and fitful gleam can never suffice to lighten the pilgrim of life one step through the dark valley; whereas, the knowledge which is from

above shall blaze with undimmed oriency when the luminaries of the firmament are extinguished in eternal night. To know Christ, and the power of His resurrection, is the sole wisdom that will pass the review of that Great Day of Reckoning, when "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

A. B. G.

The Pagan Questioning Death.

“The outward darkness and the inward light.”



MIST of night and blindness! that must hang

Before the life to come!

O Tomb! that closes once with iron clang,

And is forever dumb!

Ships, which go forth upon the boundless main,

And perish far at sea,

Are tossed in fragments to the land again—

But naught returns from thee.

No whisper comes from all the generations,

Through thy dark portals thrust;

No breath of life among the buried nations,

One moment stirs their dust!

No souls beneath, e'er struggling into sight,

Heave up the silent ground;

Though the green sod above them is so light—

So frail the crumbling mound.

I listen by the sea to catch some tone
From spirits that are fled ;
There is no voice in its eternal moan,
No voice of all its dead.

The stars look coldly down when man is dying,
The moon still holds its way ;
Flowers breathe their perfume round us ; winds
keep sighing ;
Naught seems to pause or stay.

Yes ! blindly on—o'er all that thinks and feels,
The universe must roll ;
Though at each turn its adamant wheels
Crush out a human soul !

Toward yon bright vault of heaven I dare not
raise
The cry of my despair,
Lest I should hear the echo which betrays
That all is empty there.

Yet has my soul within the gift of seeing
Beyond this earth and sky ;
I **FEEL** the immortal instinct of my being—
I **KNOW** it cannot die !

The Departed Soul.

HEAVENS! what a moment must that be when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we born? Whither has that spark—that unseen, incomprehensible intelligence, fled? Look upon that cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was a shell, a gross, earthly covering, which held the immortal essence which has now left; left to range, perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities to delight, new powers of conception, new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination, hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery—solves all doubts—which removes all contradictions, and destroys errors. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul.


The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solemn secrets of nature may be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, forms of imperishable beauty may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss.



Bacon, the Sculptor.

THE inscription on the tomb of Bacon, the sculptor, penned by himself:—"What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Jesus Christ, is the only thing of importance to me now!"

“There shall be no Night there.”

 O night of sorrow—sorrow that doth lie
Like a dark fringe round every bloom-
ing joy,
Happy if with the fleeting bliss to fly,
Nor lingering as each trace it would
destroy

Of what hath been—deepening into a pall,
To throw its cold, dark shadow over all,
And wrap around warm life a chill and gloom,
More fearful than the shadow of the tomb.

No night of darkness, sorrow's sister sad,
Upon whose melancholy, quiet breast,
Leaving the day unto the gay and glad,
The o'erwearied heart doth weep itself to rest.
Light for the happy! Joy and light must blend
To bless existence, but the noise and glare
Mocks the pain'd, shrinking spirit; doth but send
Through its lone depths the anguish of despair.

No night of sin—there shall no sorrowing heart

Its own unholiness and weakness mourn,

No sins of others anguish shall impart,

None grieve for wanderers who will not return ;

No hard unkindness shall be dealt from those

We fain would love and honor of your kind—

The false and heartless make life's bitterest woes,

Unto the sensitive and lofty mind.

No night of death—beside the couch of pain,

Ne'er shall the watcher wasting vigil keep,

O'er the loved dying one, and strive in vain

To woo for the worn suff'rer balmy sleep,

Hushing with strong resolve the torn heart's strife,

Wilder than that of life's last agony.

Death, thou art terrible!—*more fearful life,*

To see the loving and beloved die!

“There shall be no night there!”—calm happiness.

Seeming a part of the soft lambent light

On which no shade shall ever lie, shall bless

And penetrate the soul with pure delight;

For “God shall dwell with them”—God and the

Lamb

Lead them where living streams well out always,

While holy love each spirit shall inflame,

And tune to songs of everlasting praise!

Then cheer thee, heart! my fainting soul, be
strong!

O'er life's cold pathway streams the heavenly
bliss,

Enough to make the gladden'd spirit long

For a full plenitude of life like this.

Be it thy only work—the Crucified


To bind unto thy heart—know more of God,

Until with Jesus thou art glorified,

And Heaven becomes thine endless, blessed
abode!


H. E. SEARS.

Visions of Eternity.

IME is short, and eternity is long ; yet, in this short time I must prepare for a long eternity. Oh, what a duration is before me ! but what an infatuation is within me, that I should mind the trifling things of time, and forget the interests of eternity ! Truly, when I compare eternity and time, I am astonished that eternity does not swallow up time in my concerns and meditations. With what night visions, deceptive fantasies, and delusive dreams, are we entertained here, in comparison with that divine understanding, intuitive knowledge, noonday discoveries, vigor and activity of soul, we shall be possessed of, when we awake to immortality, from all the slumbers of a transitory life ! But let me rise in my contemplation, and see the goodly hosts of the ransomed nations, dwelling in the noonday displays of His glory, possessed of pleasures free as the fountain whence they flow, and full as their unlimited desire. Their souls are replenished with

the most refined satisfaction, sacred delight, and substantial joy. What an august assembly are the inhabitants of the better country! wearing crowns, holding sceptres, reigning on thrones, walking in white, exalted in their natures, their conceptions bright, their visions cloudless, their thoughts elevated, their songs transporting, their happiness confirmed, their love burning, and all their powers entranced forever!

Cælum et Terra.

 NE year in heaven ! since, from its prisoning
 clay,
 Thy soul exultant winged its upward way ;
 Sprang to embrace the waiting seraph
 throng,
 And entered heaven's high courts with a triumphal
 song.

One year on earth ! since we, the funeral knell *
 Tolling sad welcome, laid thy form to dwell
 Mid summer's wreathing-blossoms, dust to dust,
 To slumber till the resurrection of the just.

One year in heaven ! Oh, spirit, early crowned
 With bays immortal ! thou thy rest hast found,
 Where flowers perennial bloom, and waters flow,
 Whoso that quaffeth of them, thirst no more shall
 know.

* The funeral bells at the entrance of Greenwood Cemetery.

One year on earth ! in loneliness and tears
With us the days have crept, blent with dark fears,
And doubts, and brooding gloom, lest the pure bliss
Supernal, thou dost bask in, haply we should miss.

One year in heaven ! the conqueror's waving plume
Is in thine hand, and youth's rich purpling bloom
Tints thy fair cheek, while o'er each vernal height,
And perfumed vale thou rov'st, in uniform of light.

One year on earth ! Oh spirit, best beloved !
Our home's dear star, though far from us removed,
Dost thou yet think on us ? or in that clime
Of happiness supreme, keep they no note of time ?

One year in heaven ! what priceless gems of thought
And mystic lore, thy eager soul hath sought,
And seeking, found—and finding, decked the crown,
Adoring cast in blaze refulgent at His Throne.

One year on earth ! thy presence is allwhere :
Thy pictures, books, each object once thy care,
We dream-like view, till, with a shuddering start,
Thy dying words and smile come rushing o'er the
heart.

One year in heaven ! we wrong thee by our grief,
More meet were praise ; thy mortal toil was brief,

Thy warfare light, the victory bestowed,
Was through thy Sovereign's loving grace, thy
Saviour-God.

One year on earth! why should we envy thee,
O blessed youth! thy early rest, when we
Nurse the fond hope, that, time's wild struggle o'er,
We shall with rapture greet thee on the Sabbath
shore.

One year in heaven! thine artist's soul is now
Filled with deep beauty vainly sought below;
And many a gorgeous dream, a vision grand,
Glow into semblance bright, by ambient zephyrs
fanned.

One year on earth! Oh, early loved and lost!
Still pity us, on life's fierce ocean tossed:
Be *thou* the sweet-souled guardian angel given
To guide us to the skies, when earth's last link is
riven!

AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

(From "Hamilton, the Young Artist.")

The Life to Come.

THE true object of this present life is a preparation for a higher sphere—it is a period of probation. We are now acquiring our education for eternity—that mighty goal whither we are all alike hastening, irresistibly impelled by ever-rushing time. This conviction makes the tenancy of life, precarious tenure though it be, one of priceless value. Therefore, if the lessons enforced be sometimes bitter ones—as, alas, they are—is it not consoling to reflect that every chastening we feel, every woe, every pang in the experience of the spirit, is intended for the ultimate purpose—salvation!

“A happy immortality,” says Plato, “is a great prize set before us, and a great object of hope, which should engage us to labor all the time of our life to acquire wisdom and virtue.”

Truly, had we no permanent hopes fixed, no treasures laid up beyond this perishing world, miserable would be our lot, far inferior to that of the

meanest animal. How affecting was the dying remark of a distinguished heathen philosopher, who had no light save that of nature: "I have lived in anxiety, and I depart in perturbation!"

Than this I can imagine nothing more mournful, and gladly turn from him to hear the testimony of another philosopher, the light over whose grave-ward path shone from a noble source—the Star in the East: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

The course of life is an enigma; not that it is checkered with seemingly aimless trials and vicissitudes, but because persons endowed with intellect, learning, and opportunity to discern truth from error, light from darkness, should suffer themselves to be entangled in the perplexing mazes of fallacious reasonings and groundless doubts, when the great Chart of Revelation, the only solver of the grand problem, lies open unexplored. The sages of ancient Greece and Rome, derived whatever glimmerings of truth they possessed, from stray passages of the ancient Scriptures.

Firmly must every thoughtful soul believe in the

perpetual action, and changing phases of the spirit as it passes onwards through the ever-widening and brightening cycles of eternity. To an intellectual being—one who feels the futility and utter poverty of all earthly joys—it is a belief fraught with intense pleasure. Could we keep such thoughts constantly before our minds, the meteors of bliss and black clouds of trouble, would both be more beneficially tempered in their effects. And whether we be toilfully climbing the steep acclivity of the Hill of Science—whether we be struggling through the crowded thoroughfare of life—whether we be wrestling with the most gigantic difficulties—or whether we lie crushed and wounded beneath an avalanche of misfortunes; still, still shall our hearts kindle with fresh ardor, while we feel that every trial is but another step gained toward the Temple of the New Jerusalem.

The exquisite figure of the transfiguration of the unsightly grub into a soaring, gorgeous butterfly, is a foreshadowing and type of our exalted destiny, yet only a contracted and partial one. The insect springs to its highest excellence at once—we hope to press on from glory to glory forevermore. It drops its shell never more to resume it; *our* bodies, awakened by the peal of the final trump from the slumber of ages, shall be re-united each to its for-

mer inhabitant. Oh! in that mysterious moment, when the immortal Psyche, shaking off the cumbrous load of mortality, shall don her celestial vestures, and, poising on her newly-fledged pinions, cast one parting glance of her lustrous eyes on her loved companion, whom she is leaving for awhile, ere she plume her exultant flight for the Paradise of God, how insignificant—how inconceivably insignificant—will appear the honors and tinselled gauds of this poor existence; how insipid its fairest allurements—how insane its most earnest pursuits—how trivial its most important concerns—how petty its proudest triumphs—what dross its richest treasures! How blessed will she esteem every instrument, however painful and humiliating, that has been the medium of accelerating or furthering her progress to the Life to Come. How often, in the heavenly home, may the remembrances of each bitter experience below, call forth peans of rapturous gratitude, and enhance the joy of everlasting security and exemption from future ill!

“Why shrinks the soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
’Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
’Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.”


AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

Topaz.

James the Less.

Clemency.

“For the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.”

HE TOPAZ is the precious stone of the ninth foundation of the Realms of Light, where it is the ensign of James the Less. The topaz is a favorite gem of a bright yellow color tinged with green, and diaphanous; it was, in olden times, believed to possess the medical properties of curing lunacy and frenzy. For these imputed virtues, as well as for its beautiful hue and brilliancy, this stone was much prized by the ancient Arabians. Eze-kiel also mentions it, as forming a part of the gorgeous adorning of the proud monarch of Tyre. A fanciful derivation of the name is given by one Juba, who writes of an enchanting island in the Red Sea, which, being very difficult to find by mariners by reason of the thick fogs, and mists that surrounded it, was called by them Topazion,

which signifies, in the language of the wild Arabs, to seek and search out, and hence, he adds, the name of this gem which is exceedingly sought after for its rare beauty and worth. It is said to be the emblem of CLEMENCY, or Mercy, and those desirous to establish an analogy thereto will do well to consult the history of Simeon, whose name it memorialized on the Breast-Plate, in order to ascertain whether the exploits of his tribe corresponded with this beautiful attribute. We know that Simeon himself was woefully deficient in this virtue, and it is difficult to conjecture why the gem was given to him, except, perhaps, to serve as a perpetual reminder of his sin, and as a warning to his descendants. Such beacon-lights are often mercifully given us by our Heavenly Father. Mercy, in the sight of us, sinners, is the most precious and inestimable jewel in the Breast-Plate of our great High Priest. But for it we had been doomed to regions of endless despair; but for it no ray of hope had ever visited us, to enlighten our gloom, or gladden our drooping spirits with the prospect of future blessedness!

Of Saint James the Less, we gather little more information through the Evangelists than that he and Jude were brethren of our Lord, but the

records of the early Fathers extol him as an indefatigable apostle until his martyrdom, which took place by stoning. The text from the Epistle General of James is selected as in appropriate keeping with the lovely emblem attached to the stone inscribed with his name. "For the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." There is a pathos and sweetness about this passage which cannot fail to touch a reflecting mind. It falls on the perturbed soul like a melodious song in the night—like a beam of warm sunshine through the captive's noisome dungeon—like healing balm into an aching wound. "Very pitiful!" Is not there an inexpressible plaintiveness in these two words! He compassionates our griefs, our errors, our temptations, while wandering through this Vale of Shadows; and remembering that we are but dust, ever lets His Mercy triumph over His Judgment. As the topaz bathes all around it in its own sumptuous rays, so the All-glorious Sun of Righteousness irradiates with His Light, the whole earth. Said He, whose mercy brought Him from His Throne to lay down His life for His enemies, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

If we obeyed this mandate, how different oftentimes

would be our course through life ; how leniently would we preside in judgment over the actions of our neighbors !

O Thou Exemplar of Mercy ! be ever ours the prayer of Blind Bartimeus, and open Thou our eyes, that we may see in their true light, our sins, our blemishes, and our short-comings. O Thou Most Pitiful ! “suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.” “O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death !” Ever, evermore—

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy Throne.”—

ever, intermingling with the lays of angels and archangels—ever emulating the cry of Cherubim and Seraphim—ever throughout the unbroken cycle of eternity—let my song be of Thy incomprehensible mercy ! That Anthem of Mercy ! for thousands of ages hath it rolled its thrilling numbers over the undulating plains and eminences of the Cloudless City, and still it is ever fresh and ever delightful. And, blending in the unrivalled harmony, methinks I can distinguish the silvery voices of the endeared

of yore, whose last faltering cadences, as they neared the celestial confines and beheld the waiting convoy, were but gentle modulations into the immortal *key-note*, JESUS. Thrice blessed friends! oft do I, in imagination, discern ye in your snowy vestments, as, harps in hand, ye roam the flowery banks of the River of Life.

A. B. G.

Abide with me.

“Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”



BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens; Lord, with me
abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away!
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg—a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of Sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me !

I need Thy presence, every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !


I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory,
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;—

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

REV. H. F. LYTE.

A Trophy.


 HE was a poor old sick slave in one of the West Indian islands; her owner had given her a poor hovel to live in, and there she lay on her mean bed unable to help herself, subsisting on what her neighbor brought her, and dependent on her for attendance. Poor Maimie! One would have thought she was a pitiable object; but not so thought Maimie. She was so happy, that her Christian sisters said it was a treat to visit her. She loved Jesus—she had obeyed him in health, she now trusted and praised him in sickness; and “His Father loved her, and they came and made Their abode with her.” Yes, that poor hut was a Temple of the King of kings. One Sabbath evening, many had gone in to see her as they passed from the chapel, to tell her something good, and Maimie was more joyful than usual. She spoke of the love of Jesus to a poor “nigger.” She said “Maimie soon see Him—soon be wid Him for eber and eber! Oh, joy! joy! no more pain

dar—no more long, long night—no more hunger. Oh, what me do for praise Him? Glory, glory!" Early the next morning she was seen outside her door. With a desperate effort she had crawled out, and raising herself by the door-post, she waved her withered hand over her head, and shouted:

"I'se boun' for de kingdom,
Will ye go to glory wid me?"

Before any one could get to her, she was dead. She had praised her Maker while she had breath, and, no doubt, ere her poor old clay had been again laid upon her comfortless bed, her spirit had resumed the blissful employment, and stood before the throne a trophy of the Saviour's triumph over ignorance, degradation, and sin.

The Land of Calm Delight.

 HERE is a land of calm delight,
 To sorrowing mortals given ;
 There rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
 And all to soothe their souls unite ;
 Sweet is their rest in—Heaven.

There glory beams on all the plains,
 And joy for hope is given ;
 There music swells in sweetest strains,
 And spotless beauty ever reigns,
 And all is love in—Heaven.

There cloudless skies are ever bright ;
 Thence gloomy scenes are driven ;
 There suns dispense unsullied light,
 And planets beaming on the sight,
 Illume the fields of—Heaven.

There is a stream that ever flows,
 To passing pilgrims given ;

There fairest fruit immortal grows ;
The verdant flower eternal blows,
Amid the field of—Heaven.

There is a great and glorious prize,
For those with sin who've striven ;
'Tis bright as star of evening skies,
And far above it glittering lies,
A golden crown in—Heaven.

SCOTTISH.

Let Me go Home.



YOUNG friend of mine lately died, and in the dreamy wanderings of his last hours seemed to think that his lassitude and pain were occasioned by hard labor. He often said, as he tossed in his agony, "Oh, let me go home! I am very weary."

In these words, methought, we have the expression of many a Christian soul. Though willing to abide as a hireling his day, he is weary with task-work, and would be glad to have the yoke lifted from his neck. And, blessed be God, there is a home where Christ will receive His people, worn with toil, at the close of the day. There remaineth a rest for the people of God, a Sabbath after the working-days, a jubilee after the bondage, a "continuing city" after the pilgrimage, a fatherland after the exile. Oh, that we were panting for it more! Oh, that we were prizing it more duly! Oh, that we were better prepared to enter on it!

Good Mr. Waugh, of London, used to say,

“There will be rest enough in heaven.” True and gracious words. Let them encourage us during hours of weariness in service. Heaven will be sweeter for our weariness. Though we ought not to be discontented, nor in haste to be gone, we may sometimes lawfully be “in a strait betwixt two,” longing to be with Christ, “which is far better.” Our home is above:

“There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.”

An eminent German Christian once said to a friend of mine, “*I am a home-sick man.*” Thus he strongly expressed his desire of Heaven. Probably every Christian often looks upward and ejaculates with the dying youth, “Let me go home!”

Dies Ira, Dies Illa.



DAY of wrath ! that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display.
Earth in ashes melt away !

The trembling, the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try !

When the trumpet's thrilling tone
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne.

Death and Time shall stand aghast ;
And Creation, at the blast
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Then the Judge shall sit ; oh ! then,
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited naught remain.

What shall wretched I then plead ?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed ?

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

Bear me, Lord, in heart, I pray,
Object of Thy saving way.
Lest Thou lose me on that Day.

Weary, seeking me, wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow—
Be Thy toils availing now !

Judge of Justice, Thee, I pray,
Grant me pardon, while I may,
Ere that awful reckoning day.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
Blush to think what I have done ;
Spare Thy suppliant, Holy One.

Thou didst set the adultress free—
Heard'st the thief upon the tree—
Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Naught of Thee my prayers can claim;
Save in Thy free mercy's name,
Save me from the deathless flame.

With Thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from th' accursed line;
Set me on Thy right hand, with Thine.


When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me, with the blest, to Heaven.

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend;
Care Thou, Lord, for my last end.


Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move
To the judgment guilty men;
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then!

[This powerful hymn was originally written in Latin by Thomas Van Celano, about the year 1250, and has been set to music by Mozart and several other composers. Goethe has quoted from it in "Faust," and Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The present translation is by the author of the "Cathedral."]

Resting in Mercy.

HE following was the dying testimony of the learned Selden: "I have taken much pains to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing among men; but with all my disquisitions and readings, nothing now remains with me, to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul: 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;' to this I cleave, and herein I find rest."

Dreams of Heaven.


 HE Poet dreamt of Heaven!
 He strayed, a little child, amidst the glen,
 Where, in his boyhood he'd been wont to
 stray;
 He heard the very sounds he loved so then,
 And knew the very forms. 'Twas in this
 way

The Poet dreamt of Heaven!

The Mother dreamt of Heaven!
 She saw her children decked in gems and flowers;
 And one, whose health had always been amiss,
 Was blooming now as those celestial bowers
 He laughed to roam among. And, dreaming this
 The Mother dreamt of Heaven!

Her Children dreamt of Heaven!
 Oh! 'twas a glorious land, where daisies grew,
 And hidden music round it sounded low;
 And playtime lasted *there* the whole year through,
 And angels came and joined with them. 'Twas so
 Her children dreamt of Heaven!

The Trav'ler dreamt of Heaven !
The sun one morn with trebled splendor rose,
And showed his wearied eyes a place at last,
Where all was taintless joy, and calm repose,
And quiet thinking of the dangerous past.
They said its name was Heaven.

The Mourner dreamt of Heaven !
Before his eyes, so long with sorrow dim,
A glorious sheen, like lengthened lightning
blazed ;
And from the clouds *one* face looked down on him,
Whose beauty thrilled his veins. And as he
gazed,
He knew he gazed on Heaven !

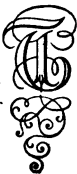
And let them all dream on !
Heaven's for the pure, the just, the undefiled :
And so our lives, by holy faith, are such.
Our dreams may be erroneous, varying, wild ;
But oh ! we cannot think and hope too much :
So let them all dream on !

Chrysoprasus.

Jude.

Prosperity.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

HE CHRYSOPRASUS is the precious stone of the tenth foundation of the City of the Great King, where it is sealed with the name of Jude. The agate is formed of an aggregate of crystals and other precious minerals, and is, consequently, a picturesque and fancifully marked gem of endless variety of colors and devices. One kind is of a cloudy green, striped and spotted with gold, and this is, saith my authority, the chrysoprasus of the Revelation. Many agates have been quite famous for their beauty. King Pyrrhus had a ring made of this stone (says Kelly), in which sat the nine muses, with their distinct symbols or devices, and Apollo holding a harp. Tradition speaks of others that displayed perfect images of men, single and in groups, horses, trees, landscapes, flowers,

clouds and cities. Some specimens are found semi-pellucid, but more generally the agate is opaque. The chief excellency of this gem was esteemed to be, that it was an unfailing antidote against the wounds of vipers and scorpions. One celebrated commentator, Dr. Prideaux, considers the chryso-prasus to typify Patience; but, being the symbol of Asher, whose very appellation signifies happy—for whom Moses, in his swan-like song, predicted every imaginable good, and whose life was signally fortunate and felicitous, he being blessed with all the varieties that sea and land could supply—PROSPERITY appears the more appropriate interpretation.

Saint Jude, elsewhere called Lebbeus and Thad-deus—for the sacred writers shun, apparently, the name of the perfidious Iscariot—although the brother of Christ, does not figure as a prominent character among the disciples, for there is scarcely any note of him. Ecclesiastical writers, however, affirm him to have been an apostle of superior powers and achievements. The specimen of his writings here quoted is from his sole Epistle. As an exhortation it is not surpassed for earnestness and fervor by any of the inspired penmen. “Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the

mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." How masterly is the transition from the solemn denunciations which he thunders on the wicked, admonishing them of the impending vengeance of God, which are so closely interwoven throughout the whole previous part of the chapter, to this tender, soul-felt valedictory to his beloved disciples! In this passage there is a dual lesson inculcated—a twofold duty enjoined. The first division, "Keep yourselves," implies personal effort; that a certain amount, at least, of power is vested in ourselves;—and in the next place, that having exerted ourselves to the utmost, we are to be always, for further strength, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."

Herein is the genuine prosperity; to bask in the smile of God's favor here, and to have a title to eternal life hereafter. To a soul who is possessed of this, death will come, not as a grim, frightful monster, but in the guise of a loving angel-messenger to tranquillize him to peaceful slumber. Said Rollin, when dying, "I wish to see no tears, and no marks of affliction; this day with us is a festival." He who cultivates such a frame of mind as Jude exhorts, will feast daintily on a crust of bread, and enjoy honeyed slumber mid the straw

of a hovel. Adversity, and the ills of this life, fall but lightly on him who knows that "a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand" await him after that he has endured a few more conflicts in the service of his Great Captain. "This is the prosperity of them that love Thee," a soul unscathed by the turmoils and trials of the chequered mazes of the world, and an unalienable title to one of the many mansions on high.

"'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day;
Then claps its well-fledged wings and bears away."

A. B. G.

The Verge of Jordan.

STAND upon the river's verge,
Its waves break at my feet ;
And can the roar of this dark surge
Sound in my ears so sweet ?
Higher and higher swells its wave,
Nearer the billows come ;
And can a dark and lonely grave
Outweigh a long-loved home ?
'Tis not alone the billow's roar
That falls upon my ear ;
But music from yon far-off shore
Is wafted sweet and clear ;
For angel harps are tuned to cheer
My faltering human faith,
And angel tongues are chanting there
Triumphal hope in death.
Though dim and clouded grows my sight,
It rests not on the grave ;
It sees a land in glory bright
Beyond the darkening wave ;

The gales that toss its crest of foam
Come from that far-off shore,—
They whisper of another home
Where parting is no more.

The everlasting hills arise,
Bright in immortal bloom,
The radiance of those sunny skies
Illumines e'en the tomb;
And glorious on those hills of light
I see my own abode,—
E'en now its turrets are in sight—
The City of our God!

Loved faces look upon me now,
And well known voices, speak!
Oh! when they left me long ago,
I thought my heart would break!
They beckon me to yonder strand,
Their hymns of triumph swell,
I see my own, my kindred band,—
Earth, home, and time, farewell!

Welcome, the waves that bear me o'er,
Though dark and cold they be!
To gain my home on yonder shore
I'll brave them joyously;

The snowy, blood-washe'd robe I'll wear,

The palm of victory!

Welcome, the waves that waft me there,

Though dark and cold they be!

The Moment after Death.

WHAT a moment must that be! how vast its consequences!—how overwhelming its revelations! Let us try, by illustration, to realize it. There dies a saint of God. The summons was sudden, but his house was in order, and, with a smile on his face, he bids a glad adieu to the scenes of friendship on earth. Coldness passes from point to point in his system; his vision grows dim; his tongue faltering; but in strong faith he commits his all to the Conqueror of death, and passes away shouting an everlasting victory! The spirit soars—angels attend it—the gates of the city are open to receive it—the King is seen in His beauty—and now heaven is enjoyed in all its bliss and glory! Waking up from his life-dream, the first sight is Jesus as he is—no flight through immensity—no pilgrimage of the spheres—for the everlasting arms are the resting place of the disembodied soul—it will be in the bosom of Immanuel that the emancipated spirit will inquire, “Where am I?” and read in the face of Jesus the answer, “Forever with the Lord!”

My Home is not on Earth.



My home is not on earth ; far, far away,
In regions bright,
Where shines an everlasting day,
Unpal'd by night ;
Where countless throngs, in spirit one,
Forever glorious as the sun,
Shall live, when time has ceased to run,—
There is my home.

Earth's pleasures may not satisfy my soul ;
Its tinsel glare,
But makes me pant to reach that goal
Serene and fair ;
Where peace and love the air perfume—
Where an eternal summer's bloom,
And joy, and gladness, banish gloom,—
There is my home.

Fair streams and smiling meads I now behold,
In bright array ;
And beauteous flowers their varied charms unfold,
But to decay.

Where streams of crystal onward flow—
Where streets of gold in splendor glow,
And fadeless flowers in beauty grow,—
There is my home.


Now while on earth I many kind friends see,
Dear to my heart,
Whose love and friendship cheer; but we
Meet to depart.

Where lips shall never breathe farewell,
Nor tears the parting anguish tell,
Where friends united ever dwell,—
There is my home.

On high, by faith, my vision can command
My Saviour King;
And saints with harps of gold before him stand,
His praise to sing!
Where, seated on the eternal throne,
He shall his faithful followers own
With gracious smile; in heaven alone—
There is my home!

ROBERT FRAME.

The Better Country.

UR relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them. They wait there for the light of the resurrection-day, to stand forth holy, beautiful, and happy, our fellow-worshippers forever.

Beyond the River.

These beautiful lines, from the "Dublin University Magazine," will remind the reader of the last scene in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

TIME is a river deep and wide,
 And while along its banks we stray,
 We see our lov'd ones o'er its tide
 Sail from our sight, away, away.
 Where are they sped—they who return
 No more to glad our longing eyes?
 •They've passed from life's contracted bourne
 To land unseen, unknown, that lies
 Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
 How beautiful that realm must be;
 For gleamings of its loveliness,
 In visions granted, oft we see.
 The very clouds that o'er it throw
 Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
 With gold and purple tintings glow,
 Reflected from the glorious light
 Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothèd sorrow dries the tear;
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've cross'd Time's river—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But *there* pure love can live, can last—
They look for *us* their home to share:
When we in turn away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us *there*,
Beyond the river.

Prosperity and Adversity.

IF you listen even to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Spirit hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distrusters; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasant to have a lively work upon a dark and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a light-some ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

LORD BACON.

The Painter's Last Rest.



WE wish thee joy, oh friend! who, travel-stained

And worn, dost rest thee from thy journeying;

We wish thee joy, pure soul! that thou hast gained

The golden courts, the palace of our King:

Safe in the haven blest,

Rest thee, dear spirit, rest.

Do not thy earnest eyes, oh gentle friend!

In their dark beauty, many an anxious glance
Cast on the loved ones 'midst whom thou didst
spend,

Thy lustrums five of Time's inhabitanee;—

Who mourn in fruitless tears,

The perished hopes of years?

Springing from earth on snowy pinions borne,

Thy dying smile gave earnest of thy joy;

Bathed in the crimson of th' approaching morn,

Thy placid brow spoke peace without alloy.
Sweetly thy benison fell,
Like music's richest swell.

Methinks the first to hail thy glad awaking,
Was one, a youthful soul, in vesture bright;
Whose loss with us thou wept, when he, forsaking
This Vale of Shadows, sought the mount of light.
Dear kindred spirits, rest
Safe in the haven blest.

'Twas hard to lay thy stately form in dust,
The classic head, and clustering raven hair;—
The cunning hands, that, true to art's high trust
Wrought into being glints of beauty rare.
But angels guard thy tomb
Till the New Spring shall bloom.

To Greenwood, city of the loved and treasured,
We bore thee, where the mourning willows bend,
'Mid winter's chilling rain, sad steps we measured,
And laid thee to soft sleep, beloved friend!
Rest, till the Trump's loud sound,
Arouse the slumberers round!

Flows there a Lethean stream where thou dost
dwell,
Flows a dark fount, old memories to efface?

Or do the Eden waters in their swell,
But sanctify them with a nobler grace?
Bright nursling of the sky,
Can faithful love e'er die?

Ah, spirit wandering by the Tree of Life,
Waking thy tuneful harp in prelude sweet;
Hast thou no visions of this land of strife,
No yearning hopes the loved of yore to greet—
On the Eternal shore,
When time shall be no more?

Yes: by my soul's own fervor well I know,
Oblivion may not mar that holy state;
Once loved, loved ever, say is it not so,
Thou who hast entered through the pearly gate?
Would that we, spirit blest,
Might share thy peaceful rest!

A. B. G.

Gone but not Lost.

JUST above the Highlands, the Hudson is widened into what is called Newburgh Bay ; it is a beautiful expanse of water, resting against the hills, as if it had gathered itself up for strength, before it burst away through the mountain barriers into the sea. On the eastern shore as it slopes toward the bay, is a church and churchyard, as delightfully planted for prospect as any on the banks of this river. It was in this graveyard that I first met, on a tombstone, the inscription that stands at the head of these lines, and the scene and the associations render the mention of the circumstance suitable.

“Gone but not lost.” It was the tribute of affection and faith. It expressed in simple but graphic words the sad truth that one was gone, and also the sublime assurance that the departed was not lost.

Was it a fact? I confess it startled me at first. A few months since, and the one whose grave I

was standing by, had lived and moved, and filled, perhaps no little space in a wide circle of friends. But the place was now vacant; the outer man had been seen to fail day by day; death finished the work, the grave covered it up, the worms had their prey. - And not lost! not lost! I reasoned a moment before I could be satisfied that the epitaph was not (like most epitaphs) mere rhetoric.

A broad and beautiful stream was before me. Its waters were rolling silently but steadily on towards the mighty sea. They are here—they are gone—never, never to return. Are they lost? Every drop is there, as pure and perennial as when gliding at my feet.

A white-sailed vessel was just entering the gap of the Highlands; the summer breeze freshened, and bore it out of view. It was gone, but it was not lost.

The star that “melts away into the light of heaven,” when the bright sun rises upon the world, or the star that goes down below the western hills, or the sun itself that sets in glory, is *gone*; but to shine again with equal or brighter lustre. It is not lost. Not a ray of its living light has perished.

A holy man, in the early ages of the world, walked with God and “was not,”—for God took

him. He was gone. The places that knew him once knew him no more. But he was not lost. He lived; he yet lives.

A certain prophet of the Lord was walking with another whom he tenderly loved; and suddenly there "appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horses thereof. And *he saw him no more.*" He was gone, but not lost.

A disconsolate female came to the grave of her best beloved friend, and as she saw that his precious remains were *gone*, she cried, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." She thought in her sorrow, as most of the bereaved are wont to think, that she had *lost* her all; when one stood before her and said, "Mary," and the joy of life from the dead burst in rapture on her soul. It was the voice of her beloved. She had found her Lord. He was gone, but not lost.

This was a natural, if not a profitable train of thought. A believer writes this inscription over the ashes of a departed saint. Day by day disease wears away the tabernacle of clay; by and by

death dashes in pieces the "golden bowl," and the wheel at the cistern stands still. But the freed spirit starts into new existence before the eternal throne, and like an angel of light, leaps in gladness and glory unutterable and inconceivable. And is that saint *lost*? In a diamond mine is found a clod of earth that contains a gem of great price. It is taken from him that found it, and polished for him who owns the mine and all its gems; and now it sparkles on the bosom of the queen, or shines radiantly in the royal coronet. Is that jewel lost? And if the Monarch of the Universe could find in the darkness of this lower world, gems that infinite skill can polish for His use, shall we count them lost when He makes up His jewels and takes them to Himself?

The Christian Mourner's Prospect.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,
That takes from this dark world its power,
And lays at once its thorn and flower
On the same withering bier, my soul !
The hour that ends all earthly woes,
And gives the wearied soul repose,—
How soft, how sweet, that last, long close
Of mortal hope and fear, my soul !

How sweet, while on this broken lyre
The melodies of time expire,
To feel it strung with chords of fire,
To praise the Immortal One, my soul !
And while our farewell tears we pour
To those we leave on this cold shore,
To feel that we shall weep no more,
Nor dwell in heaven alone, my soul !

How sweet, while waning fast away
The stars of this dim world decay,
To see, prophetic of the day,

The golden dawn above, my soul !
To feel we only sleep to rise
In sunnier lands in fairer skies,
To bind again our broken ties
In ever-living love, my soul !


The hour, the hour, so pure and calm,
That bathes the wounded soul in balm,
And round the pale brow binds the palm,
That shuns this wintry clime, my soul !
The hour that draws o'er earth and all
Its briers and blooms, the mortal pall,—
How soft, how sweet that evening-fall
Of fear, and grief, and time, my soul !

Jacinth.

Simon Zelotes.

Victory.

"Simon, called Zelotes."

HE JACINTH, or Ligure, is the precious stone of the eleventh foundation of the Home of the Sanctified, where it is inscribed with the name of Simon. The Jacinth is a gem of a warm orange or amber color, about semi-transparent. It is called the Ligure, from its native place, Ligurea, a country of Italy. Having no reliable guidance in assigning to it a character, I am disposed to consider it as figurative of VICTORY, from the language of Moses to Gad, when, in the memorable closing scene of his eventful pilgrimage, the great Legislator blessed the twelve tribes, and foretold their individual destinies. He thus prophesied to Gad of a victorious career and triumphant success over his enemies: "Blessed be he that enlargeth Gad, he dwelleth as a lion, and teareth the arm with the crown of the head." The rich saffron

glow of the jacinth blending with the royal purple of the succeeding amethyst, may suggest to a spiritualized imagination, a lively emblem of the close of the faithful Christian's day ;—of the superb drapery of gold and purple that canopies his setting sun, and curtains his peaceful exit ! Or, peradventure, it may better serve to typify his rising in the resurrection-morn in the full radiance of immortality.

Of Saint Simon there is no single utterance recorded, no particular mention in the Gospels, save that he is enumerated among the chosen twelve. Simon the Canaanite he is likewise called, probably in reference to his birth-place ; Zelotes, being an addition on account of his connection with the sect of Zealots. He is generally believed to be the bridegroom at whose nuptials in Cana of Galilee our Saviour performed the miracle of turning water into wine. Whether or not, the title had, as some are disposed to think, allusion to the warmth of his natural temper, he proved himself, according to ecclesiastical history, an indefatigable apostle in the service of his Lord, and a victorious pioneer of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, until, from the martyr's cross, he ascended to receive the victor's crown. "This is the victory that over-

cometh the world, even our faith." The expression of the Emperor Valentinian, when about to quit the world, was a memorable one: "Amongst all my conquests, there is but one that now comforts me; I have overcome my worst enemy, my own sinful heart."

There is a pretty tradition extant, that the sun always dances with joy early on Easter-morn, in commemoration of Christ's bursting from the thralldom of the tomb: and not seldom have I been summoned from childhood's slumber to witness the phenomenon. But though this sign often fails through the interposition of mists and obscuring vapors, yet, on that momentous Easter-morn, when Christ, the Conquerer, comes again in the magnificence of His Kingdom, no cloud shall intervene to mar the effulgence of His rays! On that all-glorious Resurrection-morn, when the soul, eager and glad, hath donned its olden garment of flesh, now fresh in the lustre of immortal youth, and the Judgment is over which eternally separates those who have served God from those who have served him not; what a triumphal procession will that be when Christ, at the head of His ransomed legions, marches through the shining portals of Heaven! The work of Creation and Redemption

completed, immortality now is perfect. Oh, desponding soul, bowed beneath the burden of earth's griefs, raise thy tearful eyes, and exult in the ecstatic anticipation! Victory! While that jubilant throng advances up the golden streets—the bells of the City all a-chiming—instruments of music playing—palms of victory waving—every face beaming unutterable pleasure,—what acclamations will rend the perfumed air, and what congratulations and greetings will be interchanged! Adam salutes his latest descendant; a patriarch embraces an infant of a few mundane suns; a seraph communes with an unlettered lazar; and the last redeemed from the church militant, joins in dulcet numbers with Abel, the first initiated into life immortal. All dissidences and distinctions of creed now abolished, none say “I am of Paul; I of Apollos,” but all hail from Christ, their Living Head. Thus shall the true Victory be celebrated, in which, by anticipatory faith, believers even now participate!

A. B. G.

More than Conquerors.



MORE than Conquerors," we sing,
Pilgrims in a hostile land,
Trusting in our Lord and King,
Shielded by His guiding hand.
He from every danger saves,
Comforts every drooping heart,
Struggling through life's troublous waves,
Peace and joy His words impart.

"More than conquerors" we sing,
As we muse on trials past,
Anguish with its secret sting,
Cares that heavy shadows cast.—
Rough and thorny seemed the way,
Dark the clouds above us spread,
But the arm of Christ, our stay,
Gently, safely, onward led.

"More than conquerors," we'll sing,
When we reach our home on high,
Heaven shall with our praises ring,
Angels echo back the cry.

When from some celestial height,
We review our earthly road,
See how true, and kind, and right,
Were the dealings of our God.

“More than conquerors” they sing,
Who have gained that heavenly shore;
They to whom our spirits cling,
Loved and cherished, gone before.
As we tread this vale of tears,
Faintly we their notes prolong,
Soon shall gladness banish fears,
Soon we’ll swell their victor song.

“More than conquerors through the Lamb,
Who to ransom us hath died,
Now before His throne we stand,
Sinners saved and purified.—
Gazing on his glorious face,
Joyful we before Him fall,
Prince and Saviour full of grace,
Reign forever, Lord of all!”

The Dying Boy.



CLERGYMAN had, for some weeks seen a little ragged boy come every Sabbath, and place himself in the centre of the aisle, directly before the pulpit, where he seemed very attentive to the service, and as if eating up his words. He was desirous of knowing who the child was; but he never could see him, as he vanished the moment service was over, and no one knew whence he came, or anything about him. At length the boy was missed from his usual place in the church. At this time a man called on the minister, and told him that a person, very ill, was desirous of seeing him, but added, "I am ashamed to ask you to go so far; yet it is a child of mine, and he refuses to have any one but you. He is altogether an extraordinary boy, and talks a great deal about things that I do not understand."

The clergyman went. The rain poured down in torrents; and he had six miles of rugged moun-

tain roads to pass. On arriving where he was directed, he found a wretched cabin; and the man he had seen in the morning was waiting at the door. He was shown in, and found the inside of the hovel as miserable as the outside. In a corner, on a little straw, he beheld a poor creature, stretched out, whom he recognized as the little boy who had so regularly attended his church! As he approached the bed, the child raised himself up, and, stretching forth his arms, said, "His own right hand hath gotten Him the victory!" and immediately expired.

The Meeting Place.

“And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion
with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.”



HERE the faded flower shall freshen—
 Freshen, never more to fade ;
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
 Brighten, never more to shade :
 Where the sunblaze never scorches ;
 Where the starbeams cease to chill ;
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, the wave, the hill ;
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the noon the joy prolong ;
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance
 'Mid the burst of holy song ;—
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.


Where no shadow shall bewilder ;
 Where life's vain parade is o'er ;

Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more ;
Where the bond is never severed,
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide, all are done ;
Where the child hath found its mother,
Where the mother finds her child ;
Where dear families are gather'd
That were scatter'd on the wild ;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed ;
Where the blighted life reblooms ;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes ;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime ;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before ;
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,—
Loving once, and evermore ;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a purer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here :
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been ;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown ;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.


Last Moments of John Knox.

 N Monday, the twenty-fourth of November, 1572, he got up in the morning, and partially dressed himself, but feeling weak, he lay down again. They asked him if he was in pain? "It is na painful pain," he answered, "but such a one as, I trust, shall put an end to the battle." His wife sat by him with the Bible open on her knees. He desired her to read the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians. He thought he was dying as she finished it. "Is not that a beautiful chapter?" he said; and then added, "Now, for the last time I commend my spirit, soul and body, into thy hands, O Lord." But the crisis passed off for the moment. Towards evening he lay still for several hours, and at ten o'clock "they went to their ordinary prayer, whilk was the longer, because they thought he was sleeping." When it was over the physician asked him if he had heard anything. "Aye," he said, "I wad to God that ye and all men heard as I have heard,

and I praise God for that heavenly sound." Suddenly he gave a long sigh and sob, and cried out, "Now it is come !" Then Richard Bannatyne, sitting down before him, said, "Now, sir, the time that ye have long called for, to wit, an end of your battle, is come ; and, seeing all natural power now fails, remember the comfortable promise which oft-time ye have shewn to us of our Saviour Christ ; and that we may understand and know that ye hear us, make some sign ;" and so he lifted up his hand ; and incontinent thereafter, "rendered up the spirit, and sleepit away without ony pain." In such sacred stillness, the strong spirit which had so long battled with the storm, passed away to God.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

A Little While.

 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
 . . . I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sewing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet home !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home !
 Sweet home !
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
 I shall be soon ;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,


Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !
Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

REV. DR. BONAR.

Hail, ye Happy Spirits!

 ALL, ye blest inhabitants of that lovely and peaceful land! Hail, ye happy spirits of the sainted dead! We feel, even here upon earth, a comfortable earnest of your celestial joys. The bright landscape of those immortal realms lies before the eyes of our faith in smiles of invitation. We are cheered, even on these low grounds of sin and sorrow, by the dawn of an eternal morning, and we have a desire to depart; yet, "all the days of our appointed time will we wait till our change come. Thou shall call, and we will answer Thee."


REV. H. HARBAUGH.

Amethyst.

Matthias.

Immortal Joy.

“And the lot fell upon Matthias.”

HE AMETHYST is the precious stone of the twelfth foundation of the Palace of the Redeemed, where it is engraven with the name of Matthias. The amethyst is one of the most familiar and admired of gems from its wavelike transparency, and its color of a delicious violet, a compound of blue and red. This gem was called *achelamah*, from, to dream; and it was thought that those who wore it as an amulet were blessed with happy dreams and prophetic insight into futurity. It was furthermore considered as a preventive of inebriation, and of evil thoughts;—a purifier of the brain, and an inspirer of graceful wit and prudence of deportment. It is, however, sufficiently obvious that the excellences attributed to this, and other precious stones, are either purely mythological, or the fabulous imaginings of grave triflers in science.

After much deliberation, no more suitable similitude suggests itself for this gem than IMMORTAL JOY, which is deduced from its color alone, as neither the history of Issachar nor that of Matthias, furnishes any available clue, and ancient superstition is a sorry guidance. Purple is an imperial color; the representative hue also of youth and immortality; and thus the amethyst may at once remind us of princely dignity and of perpetual vigor. In completing this incomparable structure, the Heavenly foundation, it appears appropriate that the Jacinth of Victory should be succeeded by the Amethyst of Immortal Joy. With regard to the general propriety of the allusive interpretations here assigned to the twelve gems of the City Walls, the better, and indeed the only true way to ascertain it, will be to refer to the histories of the twelve tribes, whose names were by them memorialized, and also to pursue the investigation through those of the Apostles. By us, however, they may be more profitably contemplated as types of various divine graces and gifts.

Of Saint Matthias, the last chosen of the Apostles, the Evangelists are silent until the period of election for one to fill the vacated office of Judas

Isca-riot. "And the lot fell upon Matthias," who was thereupon endowed with the powers of an apostle. His course was marked with wonderful success, and through his ministry multitudes were induced to embrace Christianity. He, at length, obtained Immortal Joy through the violence of his foes. May the lot of Eternal Life fall upon each of us as did the lot of apostleship upon Matthias! But then, like him, we must be constant followers of the Saviour, else we cannot hope for His gracious notice or approbation.

The hope of Immortality! how does it exhilarate our bosoms amid the depressive chills of this Valley! how beautiful a light does its purple flush shed athwart our graveward path! Faith is the true alchemist who alone is able to transmute the sorrows of the heart into the rich golden ore of hope. Earthly hopes perish—earthly friendships wither—earthly joys fade away, but the beatitudes of the better country are perennial. "Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel." Through it the pangs of death are assuaged, and a bridge spanned across the turbulent billows of Jordan. The ambrosial fruits of Paradise and its nectarine draughts are immortal; and, sweeter than all, the loves and unions of

Heaven are immortal! From the words of our Saviour we are led to infer that mere earthly ties shall, as such, be abolished; but those are unions according to the flesh only. Pure, spiritual love can never die, it is a flower amaranthine. We are not forbidden to believe, that, while the affection of the saved toward each other will be universal and mutual, the measure will not, in all cases, be equal in intensity. There, as on earth, preferences will exist. Surely, the endeared companions who trode with us the thorny paths of earth, who soothed us amid its vicissitudes, and bore with us the burden and heat of the day, will be dearest still! How delightful the prospect of renewed intercourse with them! It will be the chief *subordinate* felicity of heaven. My relatives, my friends, shall I not eagerly seek ye out amid even a myriad of shining ones! even among the "ten thousand times ten thousand?"

No more bitter partings there; never, through those gates of glistening pearl, shall be borne forth the shrouded form beloved no more, to return! Never through those towering archways shall be journeyings forth to seek a continuing city;—never shall those crystal pavements be sullied with the tear-stain—never, never: the

former things are forever passed away. Life's labor done, the weary toiler frequents no more the busy mart; for him there henceforth remains an all-sufficing repose. Arnauld, when Nicole, his fellow-laborer in writing, wished for rest, exclaimed, "Rest! will you not have all eternity to rest in?" But immortal joy will not be experienced alone by the Redeemed, for Christ shall rejoice in the finished work of His hands, and God shall rejoice in the honors of His Well-Beloved Son. "He will joy over thee with singing,

"There shall be no more Death."

In the present imperfect state of existence, this immunity would scarcely, perhaps, be esteemed a blessing; the decrepitudes of age, the agonies of bereavement, the languors of disease, often cause the grim foe to be welcomed as a benefactor. But "neither shall there be any more pain." What! shall this head no more throb with anguish? shall this frame no more burn with fever? shall these limbs no more quiver in the wild tossings of delirium? Exempted from these evils, life may, perchance, be a valuable boon. But neither is this all; "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!" Here is the grand climax. Oh, my soul! will thy last tear be dried, thy days of

.. mourning really be ended? Mark the tender condescension of our Heavenly Father. To efface those signs of woe, no angel is deputed, neither Gabriel nor Raphael is commissioned; He does it Himself; with His own soothing and loving touch He restores smiles and bloom to the down-cast and grief-furrowed countenance. No more Death! No more Pain! No more Grief! Rest my soul, rest in thy goodly heritage, rest in God's love to theeward.

Such transcendent hopes should produce a composure bold to endure the brunt of every earthly ill, and which shall smile undismayed amid the tumult and chaos of a dissolving universe. Thou, who dwellest in Immortality Divine! grant us to know Thee, whom to know is Life Eternal!

A. B. G.

The Land far Away.

THERE are bright homes 'mid bowers of
deathless glory,
There are blue skies o'erbending them in
love ;
Sweet winds that never sighed round ruins
hoary,
Or sung the Autumn requiem of the grove.
There are fair flowers by crystal waters springing,
That never bore the semblance of decay,
On the soft air their perfumed incense flinging
In a land far away.

There on the mountain tops, the day declining
Hath never caused a twilight shade to rest,
Each height an altar to Jehovah, shining
With sun-like brightness o'er the valleys blest.
And there are dwellers in those scenes of gladness,
O'er whose pure being, Death can have no sway,
Whose voices utter not a note of sadness
In a land far away.

Cherub, and Seraphim of glory, bending
In holy raptures at a Throne of Light:—
Angels and Saints their songs of triumph blending,
These are the dwellers in that region bright.
And some have walked with us the path of sorrow,

And felt the storms of many a wintry day;
But oh, they wakened to a glorious Morrow,
In a land far away!

And shall we weep for those to joy departed?
Or should we mourn that *they* shall grieve no more?

Sick as we are, and sad, and weary-hearted,
Shall we recall them from that blessed shore?
See where they dwell—the forms we loved and cherished—

From Age, dim-eyed, with hair of silver grey,
To the fair babe that like a blossom perished—
In a land far away.

Oh, best and dearest, ever-gentle mother,
Who soothed me in thy tender arms to rest;
Stilling the cries that would have vexed another,
By folding me in love upon thy breast!
Green o'er thy grave, for years, the long grass,
sighing,

Hath seemed to mourn above thy mouldering
clay;
But well I know thy spirit dwells undying,
In a land far away !


And He, whose brightness suns and stars are veil-
ing,
Whose Form, once seen, would blind our mortal
eyes ;
With Him, who bore unmoved, the scoffer's railing,
And died to give us entrance to the skies :—
Father, and Son, and ever-blessed Spirit,
There, by their presence, make eternal day !
Oh ! glorious are the homes the good inherit,
In a land far away.

Present Sufferings and Future Joy.

THE sufferings of the just may well be likened to fleeting shadows or passing dreams. As soon as the bright morning of eternity begins to dawn, the shades of mortality are dissipated forever, and they forget at once in the glorious light of God's Majesty, the tribulation that endures but for a night. The unspeakable joys of which they now partake so absorb their souls that there is no room left for sorrow or sufferings. And if their past trials are even remembered by them, it is but to swell their harps with fresh rapture, and to tune their voices to louder and sweeter anthems in the praise of Him, who has given them in exchange for their sufferings endless joy—in exchange for the cross a crown of unfading glory.

The Heavenly River.

"There is a River, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God."—Ps. xlv. 4.

 HERE is a beauteous River
In the city of our God,
With margins of perpetual green
By angel footsteps trod.
It beareth faint resemblance
To the rivers of the earth,
For the lovely things around it
Alike have Heavenly birth.

No stars upon its bosom
Reflect the gems of night—
No showery clouds are mirrored
Upon its surface bright.
No lightning makes its water
Like liquid fire to shine,
Nor darkness veils its beauties
In the glorious day's decline.

All-joyous, but serenely,
Doth the crystal River glide
Whose visitants are seraphs
And spirits sanctified.
No shadows o'er it hover
But of song-enchanted trees,
That wave with sweet rejoicing
To the music-loving breeze.


No faded leaf or blossom
All mournful floateth by ;
Each radiant flower that laveth,
Hath bloom that ne'er shall die.
And when love-ransomed children
Come hither from the earth,
Immortal wreaths are gather'd,
New buds have instant birth.

Oh, fair and crystal River !
Far dearer things than they,
Have been mirrored on thy bosom,
For many a glorious day !
My mother's robe of lightness,
In many an airy fold ;
Her face of saintly beauty,
Her victor-crown of gold !

Form after form I cherished,
Methinks I now can trace,
Come thronging to thy margin
With high celestial grace.
Oh, River! lovely River,
In the City of our God!
Shall I, amid thy bowery homes,
E'er make my blest abode?

MRS. E. H. EVANS.


The Blessed Country.

O much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect to what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die, but so cannot their joys. And, if the blessed martyrs and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings, and their present rest, and the joys of their certain expectations, you should hear them glory in nothing, but in the mercies of God, and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honor, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied with a never-ceasing numeration; days without nights, joys without sorrows, sanctity without sin,

charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

“Let me go, for the Day Breaketh.”

ET me go, the day is breaking,
Earthly scenes are fading fast ;
Loves that were my heart awaking,
Hopes and fears are with the past.
Earthly visions now are darkling,
And the city's golden glow,
Gleams before me, pure and sparkling,
In the distance ;—let me go !

Angel hosts resplendent shining,
Wait me at the river's side,
And my eager heart is pining,
But to meet them on the tide.
I can see the life-founts gushing—
I can hear their silvery flow ;
Joys, a countless throng, are rushing
O'er my spirit ;—let me go !

He, the wounded, the forsaken,
In the death-hour sore dismay'd,
All my grief and fear has taken,
All my debt of sin has paid.

I can see His God-like brightness—
Through the form He wore below,
On a throne of dazzling whiteness—
And He calls me ;—let me go !

Friends, the early-loved, the cherish'd,
Vanished from our paths like dew,
With the mortal have not perish'd—
I behold them pure and true ;
Lovelier in that far dominion,
Fairer in their robes of snow,
And they wait with drooping pinion,
To enfold me ;—let me go !

Lay me gently on my pillow,
Weary are my thorn-pierced feet ;
Christ has calmed the boisterous billow,
And the rest beyond is sweet.
Could ye share the glorious vision,
Ye would not detain me so ;—
Now the homeward gales Elysian
Woo my spirit ;—let me go !

"We all will Meet Again."

WE who live in hope, we who believe in God and trust that Christ suffered for us and rose again; we who *abide in Christ*, and arise again by Him and in Him, why should we ourselves be unwilling to depart from out of the world, or why should we lament and sorrow for those among us who are departed? Christ himself, our Lord and God, exhorts us, and he says: "I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never *see death!*" Why hasten we not to see our country, to salute our parents? There a vast multitude of them that are dear to us, await our arrival, a multitude of parents, brethren, and children, who are now secure of their own salvation, *and anxious only about ours*. What a mutual joy it will be for them and us, when we come into their presence and receive their embrace!

CYPRIAN.

Heavenly Emplu.



URSUITS are various here, suiting all tastes:
Though holy all and glorifying God.

Observe yon band pursue the sylvan
stream!

Mounting among the cliffs—they pull the
flower,

- Springing as soon as pulled; and marvelling, pry
Into its veins, and circulating blood,
And wondrous mimicry of higher life;
Admire its colors, fragrance, gentle shape;
And thence admire the God that made it so—
So simple complex, and so beautiful.
Behold yon other band, in airy robes
Of bliss—they weave the sacred bower of rose
And myrtle shade, and shadowy verdant bay,
And laurel, towering high; and round their song,
The pink and lily bring, and amaranth;
Narcissus sweet, and jessamine; and bring
The clustering vine, stooping with flower and fruit;
The peach and orange, and the sparkling stream,

Warbling with nectar to their lips unasked ;
 And talk the while of everlasting love.

* * * * *

Behold that other band, half lifted up
 Between the hill and dale, reclined beneath
 The shadow of impending rocks ; 'mong streams,
 And thundering waterfalls, and waving boughs,
 That band of countenance sublime and sweet,
 Whose eye with piercing intellectual ray,
 Now beams severe, or now bewildered seems ;
 Left rolling wild, or fixed in idle gaze ;
 While Fancy and the soul are far from home—
These hold the pencil—art divine ! and throw
 Before the eye remembered scenes of love ;
 Each picturing to each the hills, and skies,
 And treasured glories of the world he left ;
 Or gazing on the scenery of heaven,
 They dip their hand in color's native well,
 And on the everlasting canvas, dash
 Figures of glory, imagery divine,
 With grace and grandeur in perfection knit.

* * * * *

Nor now among the choral harps, in this
 The native clime of song, are those unknown,
 With higher note ascending, who, below,
 In holy ardor, aimed at lofty strains.

True fame is never lost ; many, whose names
Were honored much on Earth, are famous here
For poetry, and with archangel harps,
Hold no unequal rivalry in song ;
Leading the choirs of heaven, in numbers high,
In numbers ever sweet and ever new.
Behold them yonder, where the river pure
Flows warbling down before the throne of God,
And shading, on each side, the tree of life,
Spreads its unfading boughs ! see how they shine
In garments white, quaffing deep draughts of love ;
And, harping on their harps, new harmonies,
Preparing for the ear of God, Most High !

POLLOK'S "COURSE OF TIME."

Visions of Heaven.

THAT I had been told by my conductor, I found good in a few moments; for I was presently translated into the glorious mansions of the blessed; and saw such things as it is impossible to represent, and heard that ravishing, melodious harmony that I can never utter; well, therefore, might the beloved apostle St. John tell us in his epistle, "Now are we the sons of God; and it does not yet appear what we shall be!" Whoever has not seen that glory, can speak but very imperfectly of it; and they that have, cannot tell the thousandth part of what it is.

When I was first brought near this glorious palace, I saw innumerable hosts of bright attendants, who welcomed me into that blissful seat of happiness, having in all their countenances an air of perfect joy, and of the highest satisfaction. And there I saw that perfect and unapproachable light that assimilates all things into its own nature;

for even the souls of the glorified saints are transparent and diaphanous. Neither are they enlightened by the sun, or any created luminaries ; but all that light that flows with so much transparent brightness throughout those heavenly mansions, is nothing else but emanations of the divine glory, in comparison of which the light of the sun is but darkness ; and all the lustre of the most sparkling diamonds, the fire of carbuncles, sapphires, and rubies, and the orient brightness of the richest pearls, are but dead coals in comparison to its glory ; and therefore called "The throne of the glory of God," wherein the radiant lustre of the Divine Majesty is revealed in the most illustrious manner.

"It is the love of God, the ever-blessed God, my Epenetus," * said Junius, "that gives us this admission into heaven ; heaven is the bright seat of so much happiness, that we here scarcely count it amongst our joys that heaven is the seat of them. And here the excellency of the things that we possess does as much disappoint our expectations, as, in fruitions in the world below, the emptiness is wont to do. For you have already heard the apostle tell us, 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither

* Epenetus meets in the Regions of Glory, his friend Junius, recently deceased, and also his mother.

hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' And now, my Epenetus, our experience tells us so; those pure refined delights that we enjoy, not only stoop not unto sense but are sublime enough even to transcend imagination. For whatsoever our fancy formed below, as the most perfect ideas and most abstracted notions of complete happiness, our own more happy experience of greater, plainly evince, come short of what we find. Heaven is a soil, whose fruitfulness is so confined to joy, that even our disappointments and mistakes, when in the world below, do here contribute to our happiness, which does so much partake of His immensity, whose gift it is, that even the sacred oracles themselves give but a negative description of it; and does not only remove our thoughts from all we enjoyed below but does exalt them above whatever we could fancy there. Nor will you wonder, Epenetus, that it should be so, if you will but consider, that here our faculties are not only gratified with suitable and acceptable objects, but are so heightened and enlarged, that our capacities are both increased and filled."

The noble Junius having left me, I straight drew near the shining form that stood before me, who,

compassed round with rays of dazzling lustre, appeared extremely glorious. I could hardly behold her for the exceeding brightness of her countenance, or else it seemed to me so, because I looked with more intensesness on her than on Elijah, or the noble Junius; but, taking it for granted it was my mother, I thus addressed her: "My dearest mother, I joy to see you clothed in that bright robe of glory, as an inhabitant of these blessed realms of light and immortality."

"Dear Epenetus," said my mother to me, "for what I am, to Him that is on the throne, and to the Lamb, be all the praise and glory; for He alone it is has made me so. This robe of glory which you see me wear, is only the reflection of His own bright beams! Ah, Epenetus! had not the blessed, forever blessed, redeeming Jesus, first clothed me with His robe of Righteousness, I never should have worn this robe of glory. I do not ask you, Epenetus, how you thus came to be admitted here; I have had, already from Elijah, a full account of that; and must acknowledge the Divine condescension has been exceeding great in this permission for which eternal praise be given to Him. Ah, Epenetus! through how many dangers does Divine Grace conduct our souls to glory! I cannot think,

but with the most admiring thoughts of Love Divine, how near I once was to eternal ruin! I once was poor, and blind, and naked; cast out unto the loathing of my person, and lay polluted in my filth and blood; but oh! the abundant grace that found me in that wretched, sad condition, and yet to me made it a time of love, 'washed me from my filthiness, and purged me from my sin!' I once was nothing else but darkness; but, oh, miraculous and happy change! I now am full of light, and love, and joy: I once was poor and miserable, but now I am enriched with all that heaven can give or I receive: I once was naked and exposed to shame, but now I am adorned with robes of light and glory: I once was under sentence of eternal separation from the Divine Presence, but now I am possessed of God, my only life and joy, and supreme good. Oh, how transporting is the comparison of these so wide and contrary extremes! And oh, how pleasant is the bright day of eternity, after a night so dark and so tempestuous! How does a vivid sense of those past evils produce a far more lively feeling and fruition of my happiness! This makes the everlasting hallelujahs, that I sing to my victorious Deliverer, more ravishing and more harmonious."

Bunyan's "World to Come."

An Artist's Farewell to Time.

"It is a hard, hard struggle to think of resigning my beloved Art, when I have only just begun to see its beauties. But not my will, but thine, be done, O Lord! I humbly say."

"Hamilton, the Young Artist."



FAREWELL, oh things of Time!

I know a fairer clime,

Where garlands wither not, nor tempests
lower;—

Where springs are ever pure,

Where joys for aye endure,

And where the spectre Death hath no more
power.

My life ebbs out apace,

But Thy sustaining grace,

Buoys me above the languor of decay;—

Serene I bide the hour,

When by Thy mighty power,

I'll soar into the realms of endless day.

In quest of nobler spheres,

Up from this vale of tears,

I poise my pinions for the sounding flight :—

Haste, then, run out life-sands !

Haste to dissolve, ye bands ;

That bind me in the shades of nether night.

In hoarse harmonious dirge,

Life's solemn waters surge

Upon the beach of Time with warning swell :

I hear ye, voices deep—

Ye murmur through my sleep,

And o'er my waking moments wield your spell !

The preludes of the skies,

In wondrous melodies,

Float oft upon the air when shut the flowers ;

And with the tones profound,

Comes mingling the sweet sound

Of voices heard of yore in boyhood's hours.

Earth lures but to betray,

I thrust its toys away,

Lo, waiting Thy glad coming, Son of God !

I pine for thee, dear home,

When will the summons come

That frees my soul exultant from this clod ?

Oh, hour of blest release !

Oh, hour of perfect peace !

When this heart shall cease to throb—these eyes to
weep ;

When grief and pain are o'er,
When anguish wounds no more,
Nor the spirit needs these weary vigils keep.

Aweary is this life ;
I, fevered in its strife,
Do thirst to drink of founts that gush immortal ;
Had I thy wings, thou dove !
With songs of fervid love,
I'd plume my course to seek the golden portal.

My worshipped Art, in thee
I sought felicity !
And courted glory as the meed of toil ;
I reached to carve my name
High on the shaft of Fame,
Nor deemed stern Time my honors could despoil.

Fancy's deluded child,
Oft, oft in dreamings wild,
I've dipped my pencil in each rainbow hue ;
The loveliest colors fade,
By proudest genius laid,
As fades the landscape 'neath the deepening blue.

Ah, futile, vain endeavor!
This heavenly essence never
Can rest content with less than food eternal;
Pictures and scenes divine,
Through my rapt visions shine,
And gleams of Art supreme—of skill supernal.

In manhood's flush, I die,
While summer flowerets lie
Clustered around my falt'ring step and slow;
Yet let no bitter tear
Be shed above the bier
Of one who then shall bliss celestial know.

O God, my succor, stay!
Thy will, I humbly pray,
Not *mine* be done. These fluttering pulses calm:
Ah, gently bow Thine ear,
An earnest suppliant hear,
And o'er a bruised heart pour out Thy balm.

Soul, to thy rest return!
The Resurrection morn
Dawns o'er the grave, and radiates its gloom;—
O Flesh, in hope rejoice!
Until th'archangel's voice
Awake the slumbering dead, and burst the tomb!

AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

Trinity Chimes.



As we entered the grand edifice, the chimes were ringing joyously the closing cadence of a lively air; then, pausing a moment as if to gather fresh strength, they commenced St. Michael's, and never had that truly Handelesque melody sounded more thrillingly sweet—it seemed a strain meet for angel lips.

With their silvery sounds, came memories of one who had been my companion the last time I had hearkened to those Christmas bells, the young artist-brother, whose eyes the slumber of the grave now forever seals, and above whose pulseless heart the mound presses heavily; and, amid the festal harmonies and songs which burst forth from the organ-gallery, seemed mingling echoes of that undying anthem in which he was bearing part before the Throne of Jehovah, whose advent in human form we were then celebrating. What awakener of the soul is there like church music! the recurrence of the Sabbath harmony is as the angel who came

down at certain seasons to trouble the still waters of the pool Bethesda; for how often, when dead, dead or torpid to every other influence, does a well-remembered sacred strain arouse the soul to sacred action! As for me, under its sway the tide of years rushes back, and amid its surgings, many and many a note do I again catch from voices now singing the angel's song.


But the bells! the bells! than their exhilarating sweetness nothing can be more cheering and inspiring. Little marvel is it that the wonderful Dreamer represented the bells of the City as ringing to welcome the Pilgrims as they entered the Glorious Gate.

AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

In Memoriam.

VISIONS IN TWILIGHT.

“For Memory is immortal.”

HAT mortal breathes not who cannot claim affinity with denizens of other and mysterious realms; earth contains not the being who is not bound by links indissoluble to the inhabitants of the spirit-world.

Oh, memories of the loved and severed! oh, shadowy mementoes of completed terrestrial existences! how oft do you steal athwart us, saddening our gayest hours, and stifling our wildest merriment! In vain do we call on them—the lost ones—at morn, at noon-day, in the hush of starry night; in vain do we implore them for a token of recognition; they answer not: even to the passionate pleadings of the most beloved, mute, mute, are they forever.

Sitting alone amid the deepening hues of twilight, musing with many a tear and many a sigh

upon bygone scenes, "busy, meddling memory," with officious complaisance, draws aside a sombre curtain, and, unveiling a dim cavern, beckons forth a shadowy throng, who, as they defile in life-like review before us, one after another reveal the familiar lineaments of dear ones transplanted to bloom beyond the stars. Not in the gloomy habiliments of the charnel-house do they appear, but arrayed as in the buoyance and brilliancy of the best hours of life, ere carping care had gnawed at the heartstrings, or the blights of disappointments had dimmed the lustrous eye and blanched the cheek's roses.

Foremost of the troop come dancing on to the sweet silver music of their own glee, the playmates of our innocent childhood. The little brother bounds by with a shout, eager in pursuit of a gilded butterfly; the baby-sister's arms again encircle our necks, and her wealth of golden curls sweeps over our breasts, while in accents of infantile sweetness she essays to lisp forth her love and trustfulness, and we are oblivious to the long, long years that have sped since that young brother and sister became playmates with angels, until recalled to the realities of the present by our blinding tears.

The departed ! Next advances a graceful group of youthful forms, the chosen companions of that halcyon period when the heart revelled in sunny anticipations of hope and joy. Many of these were ardently loved—how varied have been their destinies ! One, wearied and travel-stained in Time's journey, laid him down to quiet slumber upon the burning sands of a far-off desert. An arrow from the quiver of the destroying angel pierced the bosom of another while wandering amid the radiant glories of Italy. A third, the enthusiastic son of romance and song, sought the classic soil of Greece, only to win for himself a grave among the melancholy ruins of past ages—wildly the bittern screams his dirge. A fourth kept tryste with death on the bosom of the mighty deep—o'er *his* sepulchre the billows roar, in hoarse concert, a requiem. In an hour of fancied security, destruction bore down upon his ship. A day of placid beauty had closed in glorious sunset, which insensibly melted into that stilly sweetness, wherein, to our spiritual sense, the hymn of the stars is distinctly audible. At the customary hour the passengers retired to their berths, and were soon sunk in slumber, many of them to dream of dear ones at home, whom, alas ! they were never to greet again in this world.

Suddenly, at midnight, a tornado burst upon them in appalling fury. Shrouded were the heavens in blackness, and of the myriads of glittering stars which but a brief hour previous had gemmed the sapphire firmament, not a solitary one was now visible. The gallant vessel battled desperately with the tempest, but in vain; dismantled, and groaning in every timber, she was driven impetuously on the frowning rocks, and dashed into atoms; and of the three score living souls who but that eve had trod the decks, exulting in the prospect of a speedy arrival in the desired haven, but two or three gained the shore. But the horrors of death have no power to conquer the immortal principle glowing within us—no power to quench the light of the spirit: above the lashing of the waves, the hoarse roars of the tempest, and the agonized shrieks of the perishing multitude, a manly voice was heard singing in untremulous tones:

“ Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh! my Saviour, hide!
Till the storm of life is past—
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!”

Could there be more perfect personal application of that unsurpassed hymn, or a more sublime requiem for a passing soul? A vivid flash of lightning illumined the ocean for a moment, and the singer was discovered clinging to a drifting fragment of the wreck. Thus, calm and undismayed, the poor fellow poured forth his triumphant death-chant, until his voice was lost amid the ingulfing billows, and his freed spirit, soaring over the boundary line of worlds, caught up the strain that is known but in Paradise. The famed death-scene of Socrates, so much lauded as a model of heroism and sublimity, what comparison does it bear to a transit like this? Angels, doubtless, beheld the scene with admiration, and hailed his entrance into the Holy City with glad acclamations.

These beloved ones are all with us once more; and yet one other most beloved of any, the tender bosom-friend, the sincere sympathizer in all our manifold joys and griefs, and bound to our hearts by cords of affection which we fondly trusted were unsunderable. Nor, indeed, hoped we vainly, for although the object of our love be for a space removed above mortal ken, yet is his cherished memory hoarded up in the heart's holiest chamber, there to secretly bloom through life's darksome

winter until we again greet him, in the vigor of celestial youth and intellect, in that blissful clime where his harp is tuned to the immortal harmonies of seraphs. Ah, beloved ! where thou dwellest,

“ Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,

The parting word shall pass my lips no more !”

The departed ! Here, with more measured tread, advance the associates of our riper years. They are but few, these friends of the period when the avenues to the heart began to be choked up by the rank weeds of suspicion and worldly prudence ; yet these few were well tried and truly prized. How oft, when trembling on the verge of error, have their wise counsels guided us aright ; and how often, when disquieted by grief, and dispirited by misfortunes and heart-bickerings, have the cordial grasps of their hands revived us, and their blessed words of encouragement cheered us on to renewed exertion ! But they too, have passed on, and deeply indeed, do we feel our desolateness.

Not one of this throng departed to the “pale realms of Shade” without having bequeathed to us memories—thrilling reminiscences, like finger-posts planted throughout life’s journey. Everything

recalls the departed. A random look—a word—a tone, is often mighty to overthrow the self-imposed stoicism with which we have striven, long and painfully, to fortify ourselves. The glimpse of a tiny plumed cap—the carelessly thrown aside plaything, may suddenly rend apart the closing wounds of the heart, and cause it to overflow with irrepressible yearnings for the cherub, to the patterings of whose busy feet, and the melody of whose frolicsome glee we may never never hearken more. The pet bird, who, missing the caressing hand of its radiant mistress, the hand that daily ministered to its wants, sits brooding in silence in its cage, invokes a poignant memory of the lost girl. The erewhile consonant flute and viol hang mute upon the wall, and never more shall their strains thrill to rapture the partial ear of affection! We gaze on the picture until the canvas seems instinct with life, and once more we are beside the easel, watching the precious work as it grows beneath the skillful hand of the painter, and can scarce realize that that hand is now resolving into dust.

We take up a favorite volume. At the name on the fly-leaf, tears gush out afresh—it is that of one beloved. The vibration of a chance note or chord may sweep over our spirits like the brush of an

angel pinion, and awaken the remembrances of a thousand incidents and scenes—scenes of commingled rapture and melancholy. Whole histories hang on a familiar strain, and the arrows and misfortunes of a weary pilgrimage may be wept over in a simple melody. And the flowers, gentle monitors, they too, in their bud, and bloom, and withering, remind us of the passed-away beauty of the dear ones whose grassy beds they adorn.

A young maiden had assiduously watched a whole summer through for the flowering of a favorite bush—it was the Michaelmas Daisy. At length the blossoms appeared, delicate lilac stars, trembling in fragile loveliness; but she, more fair than they, lay on her death-bed. Some of the earliest were gathered and presented to her, on which she affectionately strove, with her failing strength, to entwine them in the hair of the giver, who bent over the pillow. Henceforth, therefore, that bush is a hallowed and lovely emblem of her who faded from earth in her opening spring. A bush of the same kind now grows at her feet in Greenwood. Thus it is that our memories, our hopes, our affections, are inseparably linked with the departed. Nor would we have it otherwise. On all things terrestrial is written, “Passing away, passing

away," and we trust soon to rejoin our friends in the better country, to part never, never more. In a quiet country churchyard in Vermont there is a monumental inscription, which, in its simple pathos, has a significant beauty. On a white marble spire is sculptured the image of a human hand, whose forefinger points upwards to the words "Passed on." Every tombstone should thus be made a preacher.

The departed ! But now approach others of a very different class ; those who have done us cruel wrong ; who have dogged our footsteps with bitter relentless hate through every path of life ; who have driven the envenomed sting of ingratitude deep into the throbbing bosom's core ; who have wounded us in our holiest and tenderest feelings ; and can we, nay, *ought* we, to forgive them ! They slowly pass with drooping forms and sad imploring eyes as if awaiting our fiat. Yes, by the sacred memories of the happy past, and as we ourselves hope to be absolved in the moment of our imminent need, do we heartily forgive them, trusting that they have already found mercy at the High Tribunal.

The departed ! To bring the subject home ;—let us seriously consider that when the restless wheels

of time shall have rolled on for a few more suns, we ourselves shall be of the silent multitude. Thought portentous and solemn, thought fearful yet sublime. Silence shall seal our lips, and darkness veil our eyelids. The slumber of the grave shall rest upon us, and the pulses of these anxiously beating hearts be stilled forever. Storms shall howl, and tempests riot furiously above our narrow dwellings, and coming generations trample heedlessly above our senseless ashes. The song—the revel—the dance, shall rush on thoughtlessly as ever, and we be forgotten. But what reck we if safely sheltered? No, brothers, fellow-wayfarers! we shrink not from the inevitable doom, for having Him for our refuge, sweet, peacefully sweet shall be that dreamless slumber, until broken by the high swelling Trump of the Archangel summoning quick and dead to judgment. There is a rare sublimity in the dying words of the Rev. John Newton: “Hereafter, I hope, when I shut my eyes on the things of time, I shall open them in a better world.”

Until that Great Day, when we, partakers, God grant, in the saint's resurrection, shall burst joyfully the grave-clothes which bind us, and shaking off the dust and mould of the sepulchre, soar into a purer and brighter existence—the grave shall be a

welcome refuge for the parched, weary pilgrim o'er
Time's sands—a grateful resting-place for worn-out
mortality.

“Fearful is the Grave:

Cold winds round it knelling,
Misty showers swelling,
Grief and terror make their dwelling
In the silent Grave.

Lovely is the Grave:

Soft doth that stillness call,
Cooler the shadows fall,
Deepest Peace is whispering all
In the quiet Grave.

Dismal is the Grave:

Irksome is that narrow wall;
Its breadth, and length, and depth, and height,
Just seven paces bound them all.
Dismal is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave:

A sweet defence its narrowness,
From the ever-wearying press,
From the juggling pageant proud,
From the fools in motley crowd,
Shields us well that narrow shroud.

Lovely is the Grave.

Dismal is the Grave:

Its darkness blacker than the night,
Through which no sunbeam glances bright,

Not a star may ever gleam,
Or the softer moonlight stream ;
Dark and dreadful is the Grave.

Lovely is the Grave :
Its shadow flinging
O'er the weak wanderer, and refreshment bringing ;
While its cool breast
Lulls the hot, weary pilgrim to his rest.
Lovely is the Grave.

Fearful is the Grave :
Rain is rushing, thunder growling,
Driving hail, and winds are howling,
Round the storm-lashed Grave.

Lovely is the Grave :
O'er the turf'd hillock spring winds blowing,
Sweet at its foot the violets growing,
And on it blooms Forget-me-not ;
There falls the moon's pale beam,
Hesper's cold rays, and morning's rosy gleam,
While Echo's half-heard note
And plaintive wailings float
Around the grass-grown spot.
Lovely is the Grave.

Lonely is the Grave :-
There all living sounds are mute,
There is heard no wanderer's foot,
Joyous greetings never come
To visit that eternal gloom—
Oh! how lonely is the Grave!

Aye! is the Grave so lonely?
True, Joy's wild revel only,
And Folly's laughing glance,
And Riot's noisy dance,

They visit not the Grave;
But the life-wearied Sage, and Sorrow's child,
The Son of Song, will wander mild
Beside the quiet grassy heap,
And muse upon its secrets deep.

Not lonely is the Grave.

Senseless is the Grave:
Deaf and speechless, numbed and cold,
Clothed alone in darksome mould,
Hope's glance of light,
And Fancy's visions bright
And Love's delight,
Lost are they all within the senseless Grave.

Fearful, fearful is the Grave!

Lovely is the Grave:
All the discord, all the strife,
All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet Grave.
Hush'd is the battle's roar,
The fire's rage is o'er,
The wild volcano smokes no more—
Deep peace is promised in the lasting Grave.

Lovely, lovely is the Grave!"*

* This wildly beautiful poem is translated from the German of Rosegarten, by whom I know not. It is to be regretted, however, that it is not more ennobled by a cheering hope of Immortality.

Still sitting alone in the chamber window, absorbed in enchanting reverie in the visions of the past, the flight of time has been unheeded. The neutral tints of twilight have deepened into the decided hues of night. Stars, one by one, are revealing their luminous faces, that seem like watchful angel eyes; the fire-fly, on glancing wing, gambols through the freshened air; the breeze is burdened with perfume from the night-blooming cerus and evening primrose; the cricket has commenced its monotonous chirp; the whippoorwill his plaint, and the clock upon the mantel unceasingly iterates the incomprehensible word, E-ter-ni-ty!—E-ter-ni-ty!


But now the jewelled curtain of night is spread over all things, the hour of reverie is closed, the hour most hallowed to those who love to hold converse with the beloved departed—and we, draped in darkness, arouse from communings with shadows to exclaim with heart-felt earnestness—

“All on earth is shadow—all beyond, substance.”

AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

Reveries in Starlight.

"Above, below, ærial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night."—ROGERS.

 O full is all nature of music that if we go to a lonely spot and remain perfectly quiet, in the airy stillness we hear a sort of dreamy whispering—a whispering, as it were, of the harps and voices of the celestial company at a great distance. To an attentive spirit this mysterious murmuring must ever be suggestive of fine imaginings; of the sounds

"Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tune
Angelic harmonies."

How often, while listening in the calm twilight, or in the hush of the starry midnight, to some distant pensive strain, now swelling, now sinking, now trembling into silence—do our spirits seem as if in converse with the disembodied!

Then do we realize the truth of our immortal nature, and rise superior to human passion;—then it is, that angels hold communion with us, and not a sublunary care intrudes upon the sacred repose. At such moments earnestly do we echo the aspiration of the Psalmist, and long for the wings of the dove that we may fly away and be at rest!

“O! I am rapt aloft, my spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind;
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating peans fill the buoyant wind;
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed!”

If, during life, angels thus minister to us consoling thoughts, may we not believe that around the couch of the departing child of God they manifest a deeper solicitude and chant their sweetest melodies unheard of any save the passing soul? A number of friends were once assembled in the chamber of one about to exchange mortality for life. He had walked through this world ever “looking up” with steadfast eye to the City that hath foundations, and therefore for him the sting of death had been drawn, the last enemy had been disarmed of his accustomed terrors. It was evening in summer-time, and the sun, ere, retiring to his bed of purple and gold, he disappeared be-

neath the horizon, threw aslant the pillow a last rosy beam, as if in token of eternal farewell. Each was to rise again, but amid scenes how diverse! Attending angels must have bestowed upon the watchers a preternatural sense of hearing, for, as the lingering flush paled and faded, the most entrancing melody was distinctly audible around the bed of the dying man. These celestial strains continued for the space of half an hour, when, with the radiance of immortality illumining his countenance, he fell asleep,

“Till haply waked by Raphael’s golden lyre
To bear a part in everlasting lays.”

The ancients affirmed that the souls of the good were ushered into Elysium by strains of divinest harmony. Many persons have departed this sublunary scene with songs of joy quivering upon their pallid lips. A celebrated musician expired while singing one of his own superb sacred strains, as did Roscommon, in the utterance of two lines of his own version of “Dies Iræ.” Oh, unspeakably happy state! where the gladness of approaching beatitude is thus potent to swallow up the pangs of nature’s throes. But that song! *that* song which none may ever sing save those who

have passed over the shining threshold ! may we be permitted to chant its fervid numbers in unison with those in whose quiet graves the music of our hearts lies buried !

————— “ A loftier strain,
A deeper music ! something that may bear
The spirit upon slow, yet mighty wings,
Unsway'd by gusts of earth : something all fill'd
With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.”

Delighting in happiness, soothing in sorrow, and animating in the hour of death, yet never does music seem fuller of sweetness and tenderness than when discoursed around an open grave. It then seems to be consecrated to its highest purpose. It is indeed blissful to feel that, while the song of praise ascends to heaven for another of “Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear,” that dear friend is already initiated into the New Song ; and as our Spirits, borne on the wings of the exultant harmony, soar higher and higher, until they near the pearly gates, we almost hear those erewhile familiar tones blending in the choral of the skies.

Chrysostom says of the early Christians : “They accompany the departed with songs ; they call this an attendance, not a funeral.”

But yon dark cell imprisons the form we held most precious—the insensate mould presses heavily upon the heart which not long erst throbbed responsive to ours; were not a dirge more befitting the sepulchre of our fondest hopes and affections than a loftier strain? No! That form beloved shall rise again to light and love in the morning of resurrection; “that mortal shall put on immortality.” Therefore is the song one of serene hope. The effect produced on a person hearing, for the first time, this funeral singing, is electrical. Death, the stern monster, shorn of his horrors, assumes the guise of an enfranchising angel. In lieu of lowering gloom and darkness, the grave is enlivened by a ray of celestial brilliance; and, in place of the wail of despair, or the silence of unutterable agony, are heard the inspiring accents of a white-vestured seraph, exclaiming—“*He is not here, he is risen!*”

The beautiful custom of singing at the grave is much practised among the Germans. Never can be obliterated the impression made upon me when first I witnessed one of their burial scenes, and heard a solemn old choral chanted in the German tongue. Many a mile would I be willing to travel to list once more to such thrilling harmony; it

sank into my soul until the intensity of pleasure bordered upon pain. Funeral singing, accompanied by the tolling bell, is, or used to be, common in the rural parts of England. Leigh Richmond, in the "Dairyman's Daughter," gives a beautiful description of a country funeral and the solemnizing effect of the hymn sung as the procession wound through the green hills and flowery dales towards the churchyard. It is a source of regret that the custom of thus hallowing obsequies by the use of music should not prevail among us; among, at least, the more refined and religious portion of the community. It is not supposed that singing would be practicable or even decorous in the noisy thoroughfares of the city, but around the grave, amid the sacred stillness of the cemetery, no such objection can possibly exist. Wordsworth thus beautifully describes the effect upon his mind of this species of melody:

"From yon crag,
Down whose steep sides we drooped into the vale,
We heard the hymn they sang—a solemn sound
Heard anywhere, but in a place like this
'Tis more than human! Many precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,
Will last forever. Often have I stopped

When on my way—I could not choose but stop,
So much I felt the awfulness of Life—
In that one moment when the corpse is lifted
In silence, with a hush of decency,
Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
And confidential yearnings, to its home—
Its final home on earth.”

The prevailing spirit of the world is preëminently utilitarian, to the detriment of all that is poetical, sacred, and which appeals to the holier and better sensibilities of our nature. The finest emotions of the soul are stifled beneath the rubbish of mere temporalities. In no case is the lack of poetic sentiment more frequently evident than in the burial of the dead. It is not sufficiently invested with sacredness, it savors too much of the hurried, bustling spirit of the world. Not that it would be desirable to revive any of the gloomy austerities of ancient feudal pomp as connected with the return of dust to dust: the ostentatious lying in state—the emblazoned, draped escutcheon with its awful garniture of death’s-head and cross-bones, displayed on the house-front—the lugubrious mutes—the gloomy procession, disturbing at midnight with torch-glare, the boding silence and darkness of the low-browed, misty tomb;—not so; away with these horrors? Let not death be arrayed in

artificial terrors; rather let a halo of glory encircle his presence, radiating light all around. Hope knows no night. It is a significant expression of Saint Augustine, "the *morning* of the resurrection." The dying request made by Professor Caldwell of his wife, is peculiarly touching and beautiful: "When you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of evening, or in the dark of night. These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen Redeemer; but come in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

Death is a solemn lesson intended to tell home to the hearts of the living—a presage, or rather a reminder to each one, that also to him draweth nigh the hour when thus "shall *his* dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it;" and, therefore, every effort in the spirit of simple piety, should be made to deepen its impressions, ever, alas! too evanescent. For this purpose, music is a powerful talisman. A funeral hymn heard at the burial of a dear companion, who could ever forget?

A noble psalm, chanted fervently by a funeral cortège from the summit of a sun-kissed mount, or

midst the drooping foliage of a sequestered glen in our picturesquely beautiful Greenwood, would indeed be an anthem well worthy the listening—it would be, to a soul imbued with a sense of the lovely, the holy, the instructive, sublimity of the highest order.

“O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,”

united with Christmas, or Dundee, pouring forth from the romantic precincts of Sylvan Water; from some shadowy dell scarce ever visited by Sol's faintest ray; from the brow of Ocean Hill, or from the mouth of one of the stately mausolea so numerous disposed throughout that City of the Silent, would indeed be magnificently impressive. Methinks, after such enchanting minstrelsy, many a heart-stricken mourner would return to his desolated hearth, with soul more beneficially chastened, and desires and resolves more spiritualized, and many a thoughtless loiterer, heedless of eternity and its all-important issues, receive teachings of inestimable value; for at no other time is the mind in so favorable a frame to entertain seri-

ous thoughts as when in the immediate presence of death.

The burial service of the Episcopal Church, when fitly solemnized and accompanied by suitable music, has for me an intenser sublimity and grandeur than could be derived from any other source whatever. Not the finest concert to which I have ever listened had power to impart to me such complete pleasure. It exalts the soul from earth and far beyond the vanities of time. Surrounded by such elevating influences, who, illumined by the light of the Gospel faith, would suffer his imagination to grovel

“Mid skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms?”

Nay, rather, O wounded and despairing soul! turn thy weeping eyes heavenward, and there, in the glowing east, behold the Sun of Righteousness emerging in effulgent majesty from the thrall of nature's blackness, and hearken to a voice proclaiming, in tones of incomparable sweetness:—“I AM THE RESURRECTION, AND THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE: AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME SHALL NEVER DIE!”

Jean Paul Richter thus finely defines the grave:

"The grave is not dark; it is the shining footsteps of an angel that calls us. When the unknown hand hath sent the last arrow to the head of man, he bows before it; and the arrow removes the crown of thorns from his wounds." Therefore, let us—trusters in a bright eternity—we, who cherish the unwavering hope that, when the light of earth is fading from our mortal vision, the radiance of that City that needs no sun shall be dawning upon us; and that, when the ear shall become insensible to the sweetest of earth-born tones, voices and symphonies celestial shall greet our ascending spirits—let us, with hymns of faith and holy submission, commit the bodies of our departed to the ground—"earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust"—looking for the day of universal resurrection, when they shall arise, purified from every taint of corruption, to be forever with the Lord.

Nor let the motives for advocating this beautiful practice be misconstrued; let it not be thought that a desire to imitate the dreary philosophy of that nation of old, who, impressed with the hollowness and transitoriness of terrestrial bliss, and having, moreover, no cheering knowledge of a state of future and permanent blessedness, wept above the

infant cradle and laughed over the new-made grave is ours:—neither let it be thought that we would indulge in the solemn mockery of masses for the dead—being assured in the Holy Scriptures that where the tree falls there shall it lie;—or in mournful requiems that breathe but the wailings of anguish and the pleadings of unavailing passion. No; from a purer, a higher source emanates our consolation. As Christians we learn to view the sepulchre as a quiet, blossom-begirt couch, wherein may calmly slumber off his fatigue, life's weary pilgrim, while awaiting the consummation of all things temporal. Thus, with strains of solemn, tender music, would we compose our friends to their silent rest, thus hallow their tranquil slumbers, and thus deepen within our own bosoms, sacred impressions.

Flint, in his "Recollections of the Valley of the Mississippi," thus describes a German funeral which he witnessed: "I attended a funeral where there were a number of German settlers present. After I had performed such service as is usual on similar occasions, a most venerable-looking old man came forward, and asked me if I were willing that they should perform some of their peculiar rites. He opened a very ancient version of Lu-

ther's Hymns, and they all began to sing in German, so loud that the woods echoed the strain. There was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people carrying one of their brethren to his last home, and using the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from the *Vaterland*, a word which often occurred in the hymn. It was a long, slow, and mournful air, which they sang, as they bore the body along; the words '*Mein Gott*,' '*Mein Bruder*,' and '*Vaterland*,' died away in distant echoes amongst the woods. I shall long remember that funeral hymn!"

"The '*Fatherland*!'—with that sweet word
A burst of tears 'midst the strain was heard.


'Brother! were we there with thee
Rich would many a meeting be!
Many a broken garland bound,
Many a mourned and lost one found!
But our task is still to bear,
Still to breathe in changeful air;
Loved and bright things to resign,
As even now this dust of thine;
Yet to hope!—to hope in Heaven,
Though flowers fall, and ties be riven—
Yet to pray! and wait the hand
Beckoning from the Fatherland!"

And the requiem died in the forest gloom;—
They had reached the Exile's lonely tomb!"

AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

The Springs of Association.

"And other days come back to me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is chang'd and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind."

N order to ennoble and exalt the soul, the Creator imbued it with the love of music as a part of its vital essence; and thus many a heart is full of melody, as if joybells within it were chiming a ceaseless jubilate, which is incapable, or, it may be, undesirous of giving it intelligible utterance. The true office of the science of sweet sounds is to elevate our aspirations and thoughts to Paradise, from whence it emanates, where all is harmony; where the crystal streams, as they ripple through the green pastures, murmur praises, and the lowliest flowerets, when brushed by angel garments, breathe songs of adoration. Music is the language of immortality—the intimator of our heavenly destination, ever arousing within our souls, by its solemn monitory voicings,

unquiet, restless longings after an indefinable something, which, although ever invisible and elusive, we are yet confident exists. It suggests a thousand hints of a preëxistent state of being; and while captive to its profound spell, glimpses of a dim, half-obliterated past, flit before us, and visions of unearthly loveliness—until, oblivious to the realities of the present, we pant to cast off our cumbersome clay habiliments, and speed away to search into the mysteries that so encompass us, and mingle in communion with superior intelligences. While struggling under such influences, how oft, from the depths of the heart, arises the earnest inquiry, “Tell us, ah! tell us why, and to what end are we here, exiles from the Home of our Father?” Though enchanted and subdued by its powers, Richter must have hearkened unto music with a but half-awakened spirit when he exclaimed: “Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all mine endless life I have found not, and shall not find!”

No! he found them not here below; the thirst awakened by the murmurings of the Water of Life, may not be slaked until we arrive at its margin.

There is a magic in old psalm-tunes, which a frivolous mind can neither comprehend nor appre-

ciate, and to which, consequently, it must always be irresponsive; but it is a magic, which, to the thoughtful, serious mind, is sweeter and more intensely eloquent, than any other whatever. As the familiar strain rolls resonantly along the gothic arches of the dim cathedral, the aged worshipper, forgetful of the sacred magnificence surrounding him, is transported back to the simple village church of his boyhood's Sabbath, and lists once more to the dear voices that were wont to ascend with his in this very melody; and, as the cadence dissolves, floating away in ærial symphonies, his heart follows on, glowing in the assurance that, ere long, he too, shall join in the far more exultant lays that now flow from their lips. In the tears, therefore, springing so fast to his eyes, there is no bitterness—they are dewdrops of hope.

To such a one music is an unfailing resource of pure unalloyed gratification. The delicate thread, which, at his birth attached him to the Throne of God, has never been rudely sundered; and now, as in the winding hand of the Angel of Time, it is gradually shortening, drawing him to his Home, he becomes more and more alive to the vibratory pulses of the celestial harmonies, until, on his complete absorption into the true and excellent Life,

they burst upon his raptured soul in full magnificence.

“There is an hour of deep repose,
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads or knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously.
Oh! may I then awake forever,
My harp to rapture’s high endeavor,
And as from earth’s vain scenes I sever,
Be lost in immortality!”

That the associations of sacred music are thus especially hallowing is attributable to the reason that they belong to our holier moments—that they are connected with seasons spent in the church—in social communion—and in the mysterious transition-chamber, where, from lips pallid and quivering, faltered the swan-like song of triumph that proclaimed the victory won, the mighty goal gained. A remembrance of this latter nature surrounds even the simplest and plainest air with a nimbus of irradiating beauty.

It was during the first deep blackness of one of those bitter storms of life which sweep with whirlwind violence over the heart, crushing every hope into dust, and smiting it with sudden paralysis, that a strain of music was indelibly impressed on my mind

through the medium of a street organ. The proprietor of one of these despised instruments, having stationed himself opposite the door of the house where I was, commenced discoursing his harmonious numbers. Had the result of his efforts been a popular melody or dance tune, it is probable that not the slightest attention would have been attracted: but it was a psalm-tune—the familiar one, St. Ephraim's—which, although previously rather an antipathy of mine than otherwise, now sounded so sympathizingly sad, so burdened with tender pathos, that it seemed beautiful and affecting above anything I had ever listened to before. It was as a song of hope to despair—like a silver-edge to that terrible thunder-cloud; and beloved commensurably ever since it has been for the ray of light then darted.

Who knows not the beautiful old “Easter Hymn,” with its winding refrain of Hallelujah at the end of each musical phrase, so sweetly quaint in its melody? As suits its occasion, it is exceedingly glad and jubilant in mood, and would not seem calculated to impress with melancholy any heart; yet, withal, to me it embodies the very essence of grief and despairing love. And why this contrary effect? Because it calls to remem-

brance a tragedy of early childhood, a sorrowful story of bereavement, which lades every note with the sigh of a breaking heart. It speaks in thrilling tones of the noble young brother of eighteen summers, and the fair little sister of six, the only children of an officer in the army—who, going out together one day to walk on the river, which an unusually severe winter had frozen over to a great distance, perished from the cold. It tells how, after the parental hearts had watched and waited in vain, during two weary days and nights, for their return, they were at length borne home to the desolated hearthstone from the couch of ice where they lay dead in each other's arms; the boy having deprived himself of nearly all his garments, even to his stockings, to protect the more tender little one; and it pictures vividly that long, winding, mournful funeral procession, slow pacing to *this* very strain, which soon after accompanied the heart-broken father to the house appointed for all living. Hence the mournfulness of the tune to me while to others it is joyous: it is all in association.

Associations furnish the real charm of everything; and even when, through expediency, or a conviction of its excellence, we are induced to adopt and embrace a fresh object, our first care

ever is, before we can yield it cordial love or reverence, to cluster around it a group of accessories, or secondary influences, else our jewel is useless—it is without a mounting.

Do you wish to subject an untried heart to an ordeal of faith and love? Mark, then, that heart, how it retains and treasures up the recollections of early tendernesses, of by-gone years; mark well how it hoards up the memorials of former days,—relics inseparably linked with spirit-loves; for be assured that one faithful to the memory of the departed, will be no less loyal to the affection of the living. The preservation of a lock of hair—of a withered flower—of a scrap of an old letter—of even the minutest atom, often discloses, more plainly than could volumes, the existence of a heart-history, perchance marvellously touching in devotedness and romance. In the highest class of mementoes are old strains of music; and cold, light-of-love, and utterly barren must that heart be, which throbs not at the recurrence of some simple cradle-song, some dear strain of youth. The bosom that owns no such gentle sway, is incapable of entertaining or reciprocating a single emotion of sincere fervent love. Beware of that heart! it is, notwithstanding all protestations to the

contrary, perfidious and frigid. Beware of intrusting to its tender mercies your smallest interest, for if you do, so surely will it betray them.

The human heart craves occupance, it will not, cannot remain an empty void. So, if it be not filled with fragrant blossoms and fruits, it assuredly will be with noisome weeds and brambles. It must have somewhat to bestow love upon,—some recipient of its ever out-flowing sympathies; and the object, when once chosen, heedless, whether in the view of others, it seem worthy or unworthy, it will proceed to invest with attributes so excelling and hues so resplendent, as befit the idol of the spirit shrine.

Isolation is repugnant to the soul—a direct violence to its nature; and from the moment that it draws in its anchor, and relinquishes a hold upon some object, however trivial, it drifts surely and rapidly adown towards the breakers of desolation and wreck. That is a pretty story of the noble Italian prisoner, who, pining in the solitude of his dungeon for companionship, chanced, one day, to discover, insinuating its way through the stones outside his prison door, an insignificant, fragile weed. Delighted beyond measure at obtaining an object on which he might lavish his care, the captive watched over his treasure with a love so trem-

bling and engrossing, that it would have appeared extravagant if applied to a human creature. But the weed *Picciola* "was not all a *weed*"—it was a link of association with that world from which he was so entirely secluded, and an instrument that revived a host of memories smouldering into ashes at the root of his heart.

In this manner an old music book may become, nay, *is*, an invaluable record—a collection of thrilling incidents—a chronicle of departed scenes,—or a mirror of the past, magical as was that famed one of old, into which, with irrepressible longings to behold once again his lost child swelling within his breast, gazed, of pilgrims the chief, the wandering Jew. Every one of such venerable volumes is so sacred and fraught with interest, that I would fain have it treated with a reverence not to be awarded to the most sublime and magnificent ebullition of *unassociated* modern genius.

I have a flock of juvenile melodies and strains which, despite all that I can do, will keep perpetually floating about in my mind. 'Tis but vain that I argue with myself on the folly of giving them quarters and free range through the chambers of my brain, and seek, forthwith, to put them to ignominious flight, by a flourish of trumpets

from advancing rivals, or crush them beneath the weight of more pretentious modern achievements. In vain: all will not do; eftsoons, the rogues return, not a whit daunted, and, ere long, I feel them nestling warm to my heart, as of yore. Aye, there cling, little humble weeds, though ye be! soft and loving are your associations and no more will I blush at your ascendancy.

Not unfrequently do I marvel much at the stolidity of persons to whom I am playing something which I regard as exceedingly beautiful and grand, and of which I am especially choice as one of my early loves; and grieved at the utter lack of sympathy manifested, am tempted to conclude that they have not souls attuned to the concord of sweet sounds. On reflection, however, I bethink me that the associations that attach *me* to the piece, can have no possible charm for those who are unawares even of their existence. Probably the mutual association of ideas is the strongest link which binds and draws together old friends,—it is more powerful than any other. What an exquisite felicity is it to possess far-off memories in common with another; to share childhood's sweet memories—youth's romantic memories—manhood's thoughtful memories, with a kindred heart! Companionship in joy

or sorrow, in peril or peace, must needs endear people to each other. Thus does the old man mourn the loss of his friend as no young one may do; for youth is rich in time, and time produces fresh blossoms and fruit.

My musical library is to me a chronological chart—unintelligible, it is true, to others—but by no means, therefore, of an exclusively personal nature, or devoted to exclusively personal interests, for those of many, many others are blent with it. Little historiettes and adventures there are affixed to a hundred pieces of music—I could not banish them if I would. Indeed, there is scarce a solitary page that I have played familiarly from infancy, unsupplied with one—scarce a page that does not marshal before memory's vision, with the freshness of reality, some peculiar action, mood, or dawning sensation. Many of these associations, it may not be denied, are passing mournful, ever claiming the tribute of tears: but better is it to remember and weep, than to forget and be happy.

Now, here is a well fingered page, sadly torn and defaced; but for all that; the whole space, from top to bottom, seems to beam with one great broad smile—the identical smile that shone over it on a comic occurrence “long, long ago.” Another page

is precious, because, at that cramp, chromatic run, sprang up in my mind the germ of a new thought to be developed into a future musical composition ; and another, because, in that cruelly hard stave of complicated modulations, a new step up the Hill Difficulty was mastered. This page is beloved, because while playing it, some joyful tidings were communicated ; and that other, because a pleasant, cheering voice commended the young performer.

Dear friend, handle tenderly—with more of reverence, that infirm-looking tome with the faded marbled cover ;—ah, tenderly—it is no common book, it is anointed with the holiest dewes of the soul's remembrances—its associations are with the beloved ones whose homes are now in the invisible land of glory !—with those whose love can never, nevermore change. Sweet peace to their memories !

• “The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.”

Here is a favorite old ballad that, strange to say, effects a momentary resurrection ; for, no sooner do I begin the prelude, than a lithe, youthful form springs to my side, and, shaking the ashes of the

grave from his hair, and broad fair brow, joins, with the sweet ringing tones of yore, in the well remembered strain. Ah, yes; and yet another page is before me—a duet; but one of the singers, where is he? bearing part with the angels in the song that gladdens Paradise! His dying whisper, sweeter than was ever melody of earth in its expressions of heavenly hope and joy, lingers ever on mine ear. And still another page opens; dear fair-haired, violet-eyed E——, since thy delicate hands discoursed this lesson, the angels have taught thee more exalted harmonies. Haydn's "How Beautiful Appear!" the one who loved this beautiful air—but be hushed, moaning heart! acquiesce with trustful submission to thine and his Heavenly Father's will! I close now the book; tears outnumber smiles wherever I open; and tears, the dew of the heart, are not for the garish light, but to be shed in the solitude of deepening shadows. In a few of my own, I have portrayed the feelings of many. Every genuine lover of music assimilates in mind and fancy.

It has frequently been conjectured that one of the employments of the Blessed in Heaven will consist in recalling old associations—in reminiscences of their terrestrial life, and in reviewing and

contrasting the diversified trials, joys, sorrows, and mercies that interspersed their Homeward road. God grant us a joyful meeting with all our beloved ones in His own Pleasant Land!

AUGUSTA BROWNE GARRETT.

Jerusalem! my Happy Home.

This favorite heart-uplifting hymn, it is perhaps not generally known, was written by an old sacred writer, between two hundred and fifty and three hundred years ago. It was discovered in a volume of manuscript poems in the British Museum, as old as the reign of James the First; and may itself be of much earlier origin. A recent writer even professes to trace it back to St. Augustine.

A SONG MADE BY F. B. P.



JERUSALEM! my happy home!

When shall I come to thee,

When shall my sorrows have an end,

Thy joys when shall I see?

Oh, happy harbor of the saints!

Oh, sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow may be found,

No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen

No hurt, no ache, no sore;

There is no death, no ugly deil

There's life forevermore,

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun,
There God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway,
There is no hunger, heat nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same,
Partaker aye to be.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold ;
O God, that I were there !

Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean—
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face,
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan ;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green :
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet,
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound,
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive
The joys that there are found ?

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The wood of life doth grow.

There trees forevermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the angels sit
And evermore do sing,

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the choir,
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

Our lady sings *Magnificat*,
With voice surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting above her feet.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their song to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see.

Come, Lord Jesus!

THIS, however, we know—that when once the signal for our departure is given, our emancipated spirits shall cleave the air, as Christ and Elijah did; passing through the first heaven, the earth, its sinful abode, shall dwindle into nothing behind us. The second heaven, also, with its planets, suns, and systems, stretching far beyond the reach of human thought, will soon fade back into dim space. Now, the third heaven will stretch before us, onward and upward, its external plains! Faint and far before, but drawing nearer and nearer, appears the Holy City: soon its twelve shining foundations, from which the battlements of blazing jasper tower upwards, are scaled,—the portals of light are crossed—and now to the soul's enraptured gaze the Heaven of heavens stretches broader and higher its boundless realms, through uncreated light!

AMEN—HALLELUJAH! COME, LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY!

REV. H. HARBAUGH.

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